

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his need.

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Drawn by José Cabrini.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

I.

THE bugles sung, the banners threw
Their rippling shadows to and fro,
Forward the knights and horses dashed,
Thundered the earth, and armor clashed
In mighty tune, as on they flew,
As they flew on to meet the foe.
And one in golden cuishes flashed,
And round his voice the echoes pealed,
And with his visor up one wheeled,
And splendidly his beauty bloomed,
And one had roses wet with dew
About his crest, and like the snow
Blown from some peak within the blue
One scarf was with the morning plumed,
And Youth, and Love, and Hope, and Song,
And Joy, and Faith, a gallant crew,
Swift as the arrow from the bow,
Unfaltering they swept along
And cast themselves upon the foe!
And clear they called and bade him yield

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THE TOURNEY.

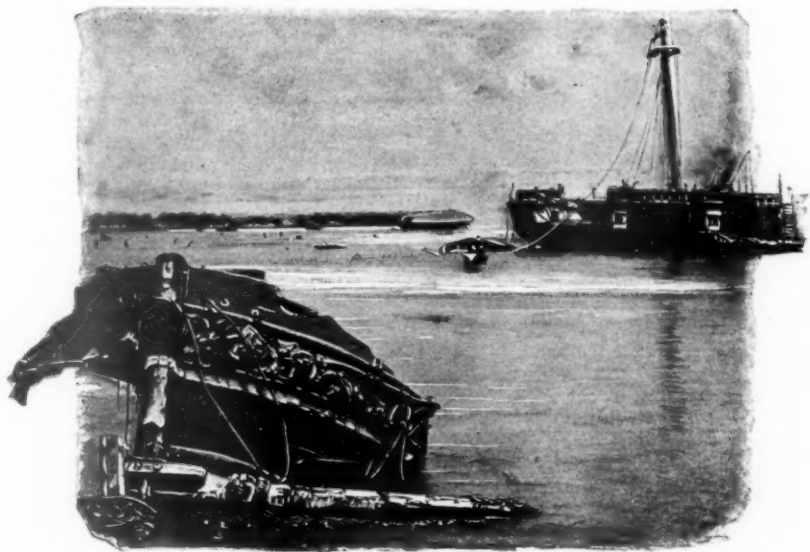
Who in his vast, black silence loomed,
 And on his steadfast strength they crashed
 Full cry, without a dream of dread,
 And swords were broke, and bucklers gashed,
 And lances splintered on his shield
 And spun like sleet, and riders reeled,
 And fetlock-deep in blood they plashed,
 And Youth went down, and no hand steeled
 The heart of Hope, and no hand healed
 His mortal hurt, and Love was dead,
 And Song was fallen, and Faith had fled,—
 And Death was master of the field!

II.

Then Death his helmet laid aside,
 And with imperial luster shined
 The countenance but half-divined.
 I had no quarrel with their pride,—
 They were so beautiful, he sighed.
 They would not have me be their friend,
 Poor fools, or they had never died!
 Poor children of the dark, and blind,
 Who could not guess the smile I hide,
 Nor borrow of the strength I lend.
 Had they struck hands with me, in truth,
 Love had immortal been, and Youth.
 And Faith should still the stars ascend
 To farther stars. And tenting there
 The skies had bent round Joy. Alas,
 With their own brand they laid them low!
 Now they are ashes, let them go
 On that light wind shall chance to pass
 Where they lie trodden in the grass.
 They were a feeble folk, forsooth!
 Forget they ever were so fair,
 Forget they breathed the lightsome air,
 And let my wailing trumpets blow
 It was not Death that was their foe!



Drawn by José Cabrinety.



THE STORY OF THE SAMOAN DISASTER.

TOLD BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THE Samoan, or Navigator's group, has for many years past been a bone of contention between the governments of England, Germany, and the United States. Germany, especially, has endeavored from time to time to gain such a foothold as would enable her to control the commercial as well as the political interests of the islands, with an eye to an eventual ousting of her formidable rivals, to be followed by the declaration of a protectorate over or the annexation of the entire group. The representatives of this country, as well as of the British government at Berlin, have been repeatedly called upon to protest most vigorously against the frequent encroachments upon a theoretically independent, yet much disputed territory, and it has been only by the exercise of the most delicate diplomacy that the amiable relations existing between these powers have

not become strained to a point beyond the skill of the diplomats. The close of the year 1888 was marked by a series of ominous events which threatened to bring the long-pending quarrels to a disastrous but final issue. King Malietoa, the aged chieftain whose reign over the islands extended back through a number of years, had been deposed by the commander of a German squadron and transported to one of the Solomon islands, there to end his days in the enforced retirement of a political exile. His son Mataafa, a powerful chief whose prowess on the field of battle, together with a display of exceptional qualities in the councils of the elders, had won for him the love and confidence of the loyally-disposed tribes, was elected to reign in Malietoa's stead. But an opposing faction, brought into existence and working under the protection of the German war-vessels, as

subsequent events proved, soon took the field against Mataafa, under the command of a redoubtable warrior named Tamasesee, whom they proposed to install as King of Samoa.

The flame of rebellion, fanned into activity by the European allies of the rebels, spread with amazing rapidity, and within a short period after its inception a formidable army was encamped around Apia, the capital of Samoa, on the island of Upolu, and the headquarters of Mataafa and his adherents. The opposing forces, however, were so evenly matched that both sides hesitated to submit the settlement of the question of supremacy to the hazard of a pitched battle, but contented themselves with harmless skirmishes and insignificant forays into each other's domains. Such a condition of affairs could not exist for any great length of time, however, and it soon became evident that the rival claimants for the throne would not be able to restrain the ardor of their impetuous, savage warriors. At this time there were anchored in the harbor of Apia three men-of-war, each representing one of the three nations most interested in the struggle about to ensue. As it was a well-known fact that Tamasesee, the rebel chief, was the protégé of the Kaiser's government, the movements of the German man-of-war were naturally followed with suspicious interest by the American and British commanders, but without sufficient vigilance, nevertheless, to prevent the impending crisis. Rumors of a meditated combined attack by land and sea were rife in the loyalist camp, and to preclude any possibility of a surprise, a complete cordon of sentinels was drawn around the beach at night by Mataafa's warriors. These unusual and apparently exaggerated measures had hardly been resorted to before an event occurred which proved the wisdom of such great precaution and brought the affairs of the belligerents to an unexpected climax.

The day had been an exceptionally quiet one in the rebel camp, unattended by any of the raids which had now become of frequent occurrence, and conspicuous by the absence of the many pretentious displays of mimic prowess whereby these primitive soldiers endeavor to intimidate their enemies. At twilight, as

usual, the sentries were stationed around Mataafa's camp, and as the shadows lengthened into the silent hours of a moonless night, the warriors gathered around their smoldering fires and were soon wrapped in profound slumber. But suddenly a rapid succession of rifle-shots, mingling with the war-cry of the rebels, rang upon the air, startling the sleeping camp into a hurried attitude of defense against this long-expected attack. The enemy, however, seemed to content themselves with keeping up a vigorous yelling and howling—a demonstration which they continued for some time without leaving their position or showing any intention of indulging in hostilities of a more serious nature, so that it was believed to be nothing but a hoax after all. But an investigation of the water-front soon showed that such was not the case. At about two o'clock in the morning, the sentries, whose vigilance was never relaxed for an instant, suddenly discovered some dark objects moving on the water in the direction of the German man-of-war. Their lynx-like eyes, trained to penetrate the darkness with a precision common to all savage tribes, instantly revealed to them that these were boats filled with men, cautiously making their way toward the shore under muffled oars, as the absence of all sound proved. As they approached nearer, the dim outlines of howitzers, with muzzles suggestively pointed over the bows, could be distinguished, effectually dispelling any doubts as to the meaning of this nocturnal maneuver. Without waiting for any further corroboration of their suspicions, the pickets on shore immediately opened fire on the advancing boats, aiming with such accuracy as to kill an officer and two men at the first volley. This unexpected resistance brought consternation to the fleet of the enemy, and checked their further advance for the time. No impediment in making a landing had been looked for, as it was expected that Mataafa's men would all be busily engaged in warding off the threatened attack in the rear. A hasty consultation was held, and it was decided not to push the attack, but to return aboard, as a surprise was now out of the question.

On the following morning the commander of the German ship notified the foreign consuls on shore that he would bom-



THE REBEL CAMP.

bard the town within the next twenty-four hours. This, as well as the conduct of the previous night, was a gross violation of an agreement entered into by Germany, Great Britain, and the United States, to maintain a strict neutrality in the quarrels of the islanders, and called for decisive action on the part of Vice-Consul Blacklock, who represented the United States and Great Britain. He repaired on board the German vessel on the receipt of the notification, but her commander turned a deaf ear to all his remonstrances and protests, and reaffirmed his intention to punish Mataafa for the just killing of his men by bombarding Apia. The consul then went on board the United States ship Adams and held a consultation with Commander Leary. It was evident that only heroic measures could prevent the consummation of this obstinate German's revengeful plans, and such measures were decided upon and put into immediate operation. Fires were started under the Adams' boilers, and as soon as sufficient steam was generated, the anchor was weighed, and the ship's position moved so that she lay in a direct line between the German vessel and the shore. Commander Leary, attired in full uniform and attended by his staff, then repaired on board the German ship, where he informed her captain that he could begin the bombardment whenever he was ready, but that he would have to fire through the Adams to do so, and that he (Captain Leary) would not be responsible for the consequences. This was a little more than the German captain was willing to undertake, and the bombardment was postponed indefinitely.

Such, in brief, was the state of affairs at Apia in the beginning of the year 1889: and in view of the serious possibilities the Navy Department decided to augment our forces in that harbor. Orders were issued to the Vandalia, Nipsic, and the flagship Trenton, all under the command of Rear-Admiral Kimberly, to proceed to Apia without delay. We, on the Trenton, had been expecting such an order for some time, and were therefore ready to start from Panama within a day or two after it reached us, early in January. Our voyage was an uneventful one, broken only by one stop for coal at Tahiti, one of the Society islands. Finally, after being at

sea nearly two months, we sighted our destination on the morning of March 10th, and entered the harbor of Apia two hours after.

A novel and very unwelcome surprise awaited us here. According to our reckoning the day was Sunday, March 10th, but on entering the harbor we found the rest of our squadron, which had already arrived, engaged in painting and doing such other work as becomes necessary after a long cruise. When, in answer to a signal from the admiral demanding an explanation of such doings on the Lord's day, we were informed that this was not Sunday, but Monday, March 11th, we were dumbfounded for the moment. But a further investigation showed that, owing to the proximity of these islands to Australia, time is reckoned here according to the Australian standard, which is a day later than western time. In other words, in coming from the east it becomes necessary to drop a day after passing the 180th meridian, and the Samoans prefer to keep their time by the Australian standard, which is that of west meridian, so that we had to lose our Sunday, greatly to our disgust.

In addition to our little squadron, we found one British and three German men-of-war here, together with a miscellaneous lot of merchant craft. The Adams had departed for Honolulu on the arrival of the Vandalia. The internal affairs of the island we found to be in a comparative state of quietude. The belligerents were still resting on their arms, apparently watching with great interest this unprecedented gathering of so many naval vessels, and expecting, perhaps, that we intended to fight out their battles for them.

The harbor of Apia is formed by a circular chain of coral reefs, about a mile in circumference, and containing but one outlet, barely wide enough to admit of a ship's passage. The horseshoe-shaped shore is likewise protected by such reefs, except in two or three places where a sandy beach extends well out into the waters of the bay. In this small space, as before mentioned, there were crowded seven ponderous men-of-war, besides an iron merchant ship, several schooners, and numerous craft of smaller description, all anchored in dangerous proximity to each other, with barely room enough to



MATAAFA'S CAMP.

swing with the changing tides. A fair idea of our cramped quarters may be gained from the fact that from the decks of the *Trenton*, which was the largest vessel in the harbor, and therefore anchored furthest away from the shore, we could, on certain days, hear the children's laughter as they played on the beach.

In this diminutive theater, far removed from all centers of civilization, there was about to be enacted a drama as thrilling as any the world had ever seen. Here was fought a battle entirely different and even more terrible than any we could have expected to engage in, and one well calculated to fill the simple natives with awe, and cause them to declare, "That the great God had been displeased at these warlike demonstrations, and decided to settle the contest before it began."

On the Thursday following our arrival, a falling barometer, together with numerous signs unmistakably clear to the

mariner, gave early indications of an approaching storm. The storms in these latitudes, though usually of short duration, are accompanied by such a degree of violence as to require the most thorough preparations for safety on the part of the vessels caught in them. Only a week before our arrival, the islands had been visited by one of unusual severity, of which the traces were still discernible on shore. It may be surmised, therefore, that we did not allow ourselves to be caught napping, but immediately set to work making everything as snug as possible for the approaching struggle with the elements. Upper spars were sent down and lashed to the decks; great guns were securely fastened in their places; four anchors were dropped with sufficient cable to allow the ship ample play in a heavy sea; fires were started under all the boilers, and every expedient was resorted to that could suggest itself to the

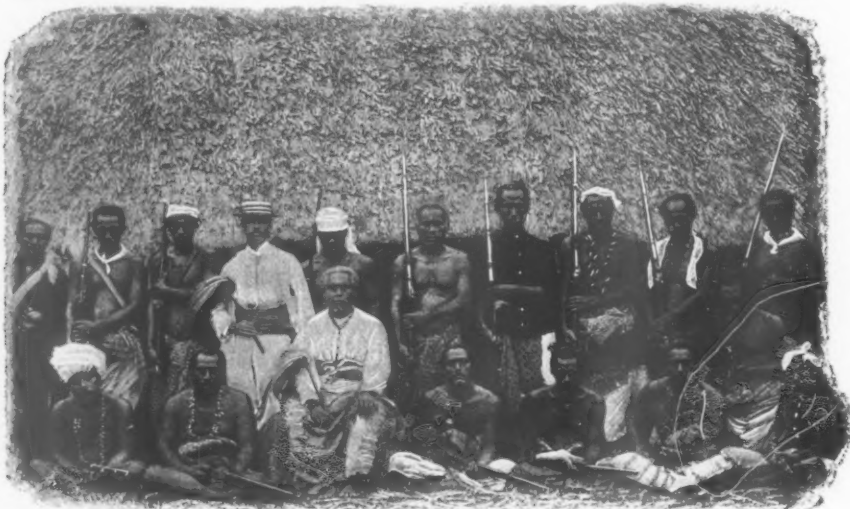
cautious seaman. Prudence should have dictated, perhaps, that the safety of the vessels could only be assured by leaving the cramped harbor and seeking refuge on the open ocean, under the lea of the islands; but the grave responsibilities of the situation demanded our presence there, and we dared not leave except under the conviction of certain destruction, which we were far from feeling.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon the storm broke over us, gradually increasing in violence, until at midnight we were in the midst of a raging gale, with every prospect of worse to follow. There was very little sleep on board the Trenton that night. The old ship rolled and pitched as wildly as if she were not moored to four anchors and steaming against the wind and sea with all the horse-power at her command, and before break of day all hands were busily engaged in battening down the hatches and working the pumps, which already required their constant attendance. But the terror of our situation was almost forgotten in the sublime grandeur of the spectacle that presented itself to our eyes as soon as the new day was sufficiently advanced to afford us a view of our surroundings. The force of the wind had increased to a howling hurricane, lashing the sea into a furious mass of seething,

boiling foam, with the waves running enormously high and threatening to engulf our vessel at any moment. Here and there we could distinguish through the murky, gray atmosphere, the dim outlines of the other vessels, tossing about like so many chips in a gurgling whirlpool, and occasionally the spars of one or the other would loom up so dangerously near as to cause a sudden holding of the breath until they were lost in the distance again. Collisions, fraught with the direst consequences, were numerous during that terrible morning.

The little German gunboat Eber was the first to succumb to the fury of the storm. For a long while she was seen battling bravely against wind and sea, but suddenly, after a slight collision with the Nipsic, she shot forward, striking the reef with terrific force, and was then seen no more. Of the seventy-five men on board, four were washed ashore alive; the rest were either drowned or dashed to death on the coral prongs.

The Nipsic, though in repeated collision with the other vessels, was saved by the most skilful management. After colliding with the Eber, she ran down and sank the schooner Lily while endeavoring to avoid being rammed by the Olga. Then the crew of the Nipsic attached an eight-inch hawser to the forward gun,



MATAAFA AND HIS CHIEFS.

Drawn by F. H. Schell.

THE TRENTON FIRING ROCKETS INTO THE VANDALIA'S RIGGING.



and prepared to hoist it overboard to act as an additional anchor; before they could accomplish this, however, the ship was again rammed by the Olga, the latter's bowsprit carrying away two of her boats and her smoke-pipe. Commander Mullin now saw that it would be impossible to keep up steam with the smoke-pipe gone, so the vessel was headed for shore and beached in a comparatively safe position on the sands. An attempt was now made to lower a boat, but the falls worked improperly and the crew were thrown out and drowned. Finally a boat was successfully launched, and with the ship's surgeon and a few sick men on board was brought to within a few feet of the shore, where it capsized. But the natives, who were standing waist-deep in the surf, managed to rescue all on board and to carry them safely to the shore, where they were cared for at the American consulate. Then the natives, gallantly risking their lives to save the American sailors, rushed down near enough to the Nipsic to reach a line which was thrown them, by the aid of which two heavy hawsers were hauled to the shore and fastened to a tree, and the crew, by sliding and crawling over these perilous life-lines, all reached the shore in safety.

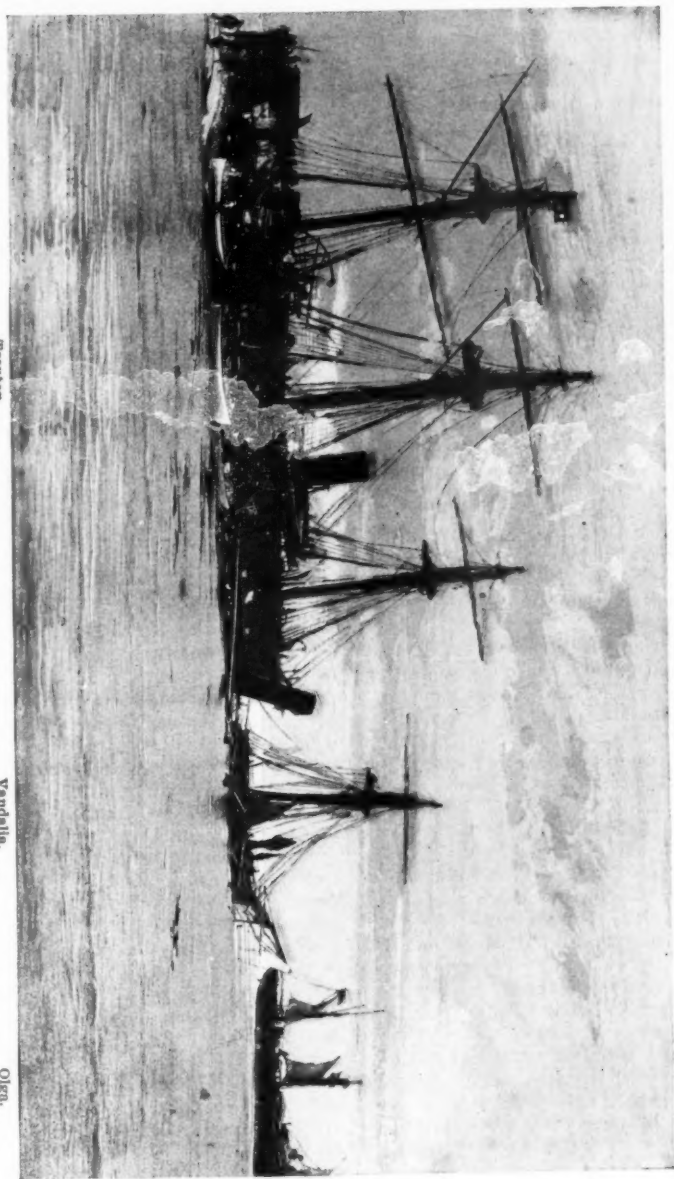
Shortly after the foundering of the Eber, the German ship Adler was seen drifting broadside on to the reef where the former struck. While the crowd on shore were anxiously following her movements, they saw a gigantic wave sweep toward her, lifting this great ship bodily on its crest and throwing her over on her side on the reef. Of the one hundred and thirty officers and men on board, twenty were drowned when the vessel turned over; the remainder managed to swim back and grasp the rigging, and there gained shelter behind the deck, which was lying facing the shore and protected by the hull from the fury of the storm.

The Vandalia was the most unfortunate vessel of the American squadron. Quite early in the morning a serious collision took place between her and the British ship Calliope, carrying away the latter's bowsprit and tearing a hole in the Vandalia's stern, through which the water rushed into the cabin. It was then determined to beach the ship—a feat which was accomplished with the greatest diffi-

culty. Even then her condition was a most dangerous one, and as she lay on the sand, broadside-on to the sea, the waves swept over her and she rapidly filled until the decks were entirely submerged. The crew were obliged to take refuge in the rigging, where they clung until they were rescued by the Trenton later in the day, but many dropped from sheer exhaustion into the boiling sea and were drowned. Her commander, Captain Schoonmaker, was thrown across his cabin the night before and severely injured about the head, but notwithstanding his wounds he stuck bravely to his post until the sea swept him away to his death. After the ship grounded, an attempt had been made to get him up into the rigging, but he was too weak to do more than hold on to the rail, and as the waves washed over him he remarked several times to Lieutenant Carlin, who nobly stayed by him, that he would soon have to go. A life-preserver was offered him several times, but he refused to take it. Finally a machine-gun that had broken loose from its fastenings rolled across the deck and struck him on the head, either killing him outright or knocking him senseless. He was washed overboard and sank without a struggle, never to rise again. Thirty-nine men and four officers failed to respond to their names when this doomed vessel's muster-roll was called on the following day.

The German ship Olga, after ramming about everything there was in the harbor, collided with the Trenton early in the afternoon. The Olga's bowsprit and figurehead were carried away, and fearing to risk further disaster, her captain followed the example of the others and beached his ship on the sand, where she remained free from further misfortune and without having lost a man.

Our experiences on the Trenton, although resulting in the loss of but one life, were such as to terrify the stoutest hearts, and will never be forgotten by the chronicler of these events. Shortly after day-break our rudder became fouled with some wreckage and was broken with a snap that hurled the two men who were at the wheel clear across the deck, severely injuring one and breaking a leg of the other. This was only the beginning of the day's disasters. Owing to an imper-



Tienion.

Vandella.

Olga.

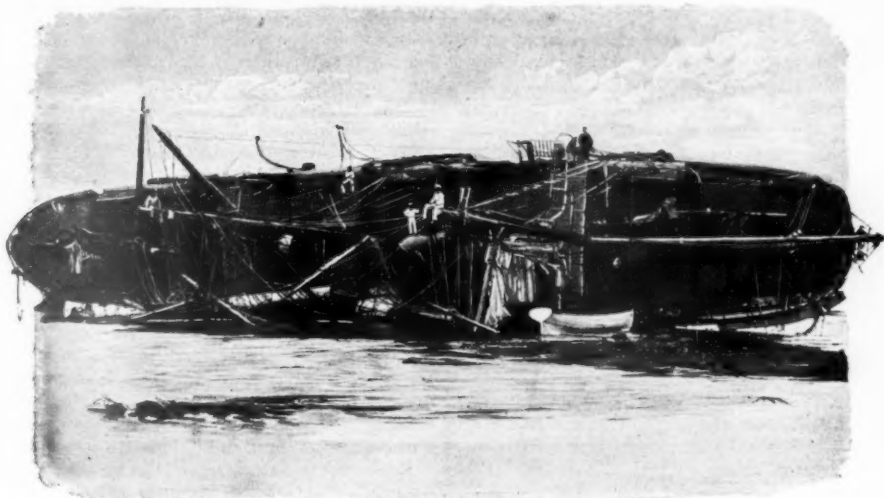
THE WRECKED SHIPS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AFTER THE STORM.

fection in the vessel's build, the hawse-holes were located on the berth-deck instead of the gun-deck, as they should have been. This defect had been repeatedly brought to the attention of the department by the various captains who had commanded the ship from time to time, but no action had been taken in the matter. We were now to pay the cost of this negligence. The sea, before long, washed away the obstructions placed in the hawse-holes to prevent its ingress, and came rushing through the deck, carrying everything before it and flooding the engine- and fire-rooms. Very soon we were without both steam and rudder, and in this pitiable condition, with only one anchor left, we drifted about at the mercy of the hurricane for seven hours. How we ever escaped being dashed to pieces on the reefs will always remain one of those mysteries which must be attributed to the workings of a Divine Providence. Several times, as we neared the reefs and destruction seemed inevitable, all hands were called on deck to prepare for the final struggle, and as often again did our good ship sheer off from her perilous course at the last moment amidst the cheers of her despairing crew.

All day long the battle with the elements was waged gallantly in every part of the ship, above and below decks, and every means that human ingenuity could suggest was resorted to, to avoid the fearful doom. Admiral Kimberly, Captain Farquhar, and Lieutenant Brown, the navigating officer, were on the bridge continuously during the whole day, and by their cool judgment saved the ship on at least one occasion from certain destruction. Our stern had drifted down to within a few rods of the most dangerous reef, and unless something could be done, and that quickly, too, we would be dashed to pieces within a few moments. The crew were all gathered on deck awaiting the final moment. It was impossible to set any canvas, but as a last expedient the men were ordered to throw themselves into the mizzen-rigging, and thus form a human sail. The act was a dangerous one, and for the first time during that terrible day they hesitated to obey. At this critical juncture, when everything depended upon a single move perhaps, Cadet Jackson, a mere stripling, rushed through the crowd

of wavering seamen, and with a hearty "Follow me, boys!" swung himself into the rigging, and scampered up to the masthead, followed by all who could get a foothold on the ratlines. Amidst the most intense excitement those who remained on deck now watched, with drawn breath, for the success or failure of this last plan. For a moment it seemed as if all were lost, but as the wind met the resistance of this compact living body, every member of which clung to the shrouds with the tenacity of life, the ship's stern slowly swung around clear of the reef, and a great shout that could be heard above the roaring of the storm told the multitude on shore that the Trenton was saved once again. It is a pleasure to record that the heroism of this brave young cadet was not left unrewarded. When, several months later, he was called before the examining board for final admission into the service, his average fell short of the required standard. But in view of his bravery on board the Trenton, the Navy Department overlooked his failure to pass, and gave him an ensign's commission, in which capacity he still serves his country.

On the lower decks of the Trenton the fight for supremacy raged even more fiercely than above. The hold, fire-rooms, and berth-deck were literally flooded, and every incoming sea threatened to overwhelm the sailors, standing knee-deep at the pumps, vainly endeavoring to keep the water under control. The executive officer, Lieutenant Commander Lyon, under whose charge this part of the ship came, was indefatigable in his efforts to spur on the men to renewed exertions in their hopeless struggle. The writer, whose duties required him to be near this chief officer during that day, saw him, on more than one occasion, infuse new life and new energy into many a despairing seaman by his heroic bearing and loyal determination to overcome every fresh danger that menaced us. The terrible experiences on the upper deck were as nothing when compared to those that fell to the lot of the poor boys below. Cooped up, as they were, in this tossing coffin, with no means of determining whither they were drifting or at what moment a sudden shock would hurl them into a watery grave, it would have been no sur-



THE ADLER, AS SHE APPEARED THE NEXT MORNING.

prise if a panic had taken possession of the men and driven them up into the open air, where they could see, at least, what was before them. But to the honor of this gallant crew it must be recorded that in not one instance did they flinch from the path of duty, and the annals of that day's experiences still bear witness to deeds of unparalleled heroism in the face of certain destruction.

At about noon, while we were drifting helplessly about in the trough of the sea, the hull and spars of Her Majesty's ship, *Calliope*, suddenly loomed up on our quarter. "My anchors are gone," shouted Captain Kane, "and I am going to try to force my way out to sea." "Good luck to you," answered Admiral Kimberly, and then our boys swarmed up into the rigging, and there arose from those four hundred Yankee tars such a roaring cheer of "God speed," as to send the blood tingling through the Britons' veins, and give a new impetus to their desperate undertaking. They succeeded in forcing their way through the channel after several hair-breadth escapes, and weathered the storm without loss of life or serious injury. Captain Kane said afterwards, in speaking of this episode: "My men were thoroughly demoralized before we passed the *Trenton*. Our chance of escape was so slender, and the loss of the ship

seemed to be such an inevitable fact, that there was no ambition left in them for further exertions. But when they saw the noble conduct of the *Trenton*'s crew, and heard them, in the face of a fate even more certain than our own, cheer us on in our perilous path, all traces of listlessness and insubordination vanished, and I knew then that the *Calliope* was safe."

At about four o'clock in the afternoon all hands were called on deck for the last time, to be prepared for what was believed to be the final scene in this terrible drama. After passing all the reefs in safety, and colliding several times with the *Olga*, our ship was now slowly drifting down on to the sunken *Vandalia*, and the shock of the collision, it was feared, would shatter both ships to pieces. The poor survivors of the *Vandalia*, who had been clinging to the rigging in hopeless desperation during the past six hours, watched our approach with breathless anxiety. "What will be the result of our meeting?" was the question framed in every one of these trembling minds. "Does it mean deliverance, or does it mean death?" And then, no doubt, many a heart that had long been dead lifted up its voice in a silent prayer to the Ruler of the tempest, in this, their hour of anguish.

The scene on the *Trenton* at this time was one never to be forgotten. Every-

body had divested himself of all superfluous clothing, and with such appurtenances for safety as could be secured, stood awaiting the last plunge. On the fore-castle some of the men were hurriedly building a raft on some empty barrels, on which they hoped to float ashore. Others had lashed themselves to spars and empty casks, and a few were provided with life-preservers, hastily secured from below. There was one life-preserver, however, for which no one seemed to have any use. A faithful follower and friend of the executive officer passed it to him on the bridge, hoping it might be the means of his preservation. But instead of making use of it, he offered it to the admiral, who refused it, and then to the captain, with a like result. It was then thrown carelessly over the rail surrounding the bridge, and there it hung, a glowing tribute to these brave officers, and a stimulus to the drooping spirits of the fagged-out crew.

But even in the face of this coming disaster, our boys showed a cheerfulness hardly to be expected, and the memory of this trying hour is not without its humorous side as well. Probably the oldest man on board was the sailmaker, a venerable old gentleman with a flowing white beard, whose hobby was diamonds, and who had bought up a collection of these precious stones while we were in South America. When all hands were called on deck, this aged collector appeared clad in nothing but a white shirt, a life-preserver strapped around his body, and a small satchel containing his diamonds in his hand. From the shout with which his appearance was greeted, it would have been hard for a spectator to believe that this hilarious crowd expected to meet their death at any moment. The chaplain went about with pious persistency, trying to divert the attention of the men from their surroundings to their Maker, but with scant success. One old sea-dog who was swearing vigorously because something went wrong while the raft was building, and whom he admonished to pray rather than swear, replied: "Ah, chaplain, I've been a bad egg all my life, and if I was to pray now, the Lord would think I was codding (playing with) Him, and it wouldn't be any use."

Just as the shades of night were beginning to gather around us, our stern struck

the Vandalia, but without sufficient force to bring about a realization of our worst fears. Our ship then swung around until we were lying side by side, with our stern resting on a projecting ledge of coral, on which we thumped all night, but happily without breaking up. As soon as we became convinced that we were safe for the present, our thoughts turned to our unfortunate comrades of the Vandalia. As the watchers on shore eagerly scanned the darkness, the wind wafted to their ears a cheer full of thanksgiving: "Three cheers for the Vandalia!" and then, in reply, came the feeble yet glad response: "Three cheers for the Trenton!" Then followed the strains of music such as no man ever heard under similar circumstances. It was the band of the flagship playing "The Star Spangled Banner."

After ranging alongside of the Vandalia we fired rockets, with life-lines attached, into their rigging, by the aid of which they managed to haul hawsers on board and fasten them to their masts. Some of the men crawled out on the yard-arms and jumped to our deck, while others made their way on board by means of the hawsers. Before very long they were all treading our decks, but not a moment too soon, for the last man had hardly reached the Trenton before the Vandalia's main and mizzenmasts went by the board, and were swept away in the darkness.

At midnight a change became apparent. The wind abated in a marked degree, and the sea, though still turbulent, was gradually going down. We awoke at daylight to find the tempest passed, and the green, smiling shore inviting us to partake of its lavish hospitality.

An investigation soon showed though, that the gallant old Trenton had made her last cruise. During the night she had shifted her position until the whole starboard side rested on the reef, and she was rapidly filling and would soon become untenable. Under these circumstances, no other course was left but to abandon the ship, and with the aid of the natives, whose conduct throughout all these stirring scenes had been most commendable, our crew were soon safely landed. Within a few days the storm, with all its terrors, had become as the memory of a horrible dream, never to be forgotten.

J. LYON WOODRUFF.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

IN the year 1862, in the most beautiful part of a country famed for its beauty, there was played a political drama with but two characters, and no audience save the birds, the fishes, and the tame deer of the royal park near Berlin. The late venerable Emperor William of Germany was then merely King of Prussia. He was already sixty-five years old, but at that time he little dreamed of the greater stage on which he was to play a part, not merely as conqueror in three wars, but as the first emperor in a great German union of states.

In that year (1862), however, he was tormented by anxiety regarding the future. He was not dreaming of Königrätz or Sedan; not even of Düffel. The question with him was to abdicate or not to abdicate. He was tired of governing a country represented by a congress full of malcontents, and had not inherited any capacity for managing popular assemblies. He therefore called to himself Bismarck, a man much younger and with vastly less regard for popular rights than himself.

Standing together in the park of Babelsberg, the King read to his minister the paper he had prepared and asked him what he advised.

Bismarck counseled his King to destroy it. William I. began to tear the sheet into small pieces and drop them into the little stream flowing thence into the Havel. Bismarck carefully picked each piece out, explaining that there were safer means of destroying paper than sending it to float upon the waters.



THE PRESENT EMPEROR AS A YOUTH.

Then followed a conversation somewhat on these lines :

King : " What, then, do you advise ? "

Bismarck : " Insist upon your rights. "

King : " But my Parliament opposes me ! "

Bismarck : " Then go on without Parliament. "

King : " Then will you be my prime minister, and hold office without Parliament ? "

Bismarck : " Certainly. "

And thus in the beautiful park of Babelsberg was formed that compact between Bismarck and the Hohenzollern King which, by one word, reasserted the royal prerogatives as they had existed in the days of Frederick the Great, and before

men had shed their blood for constitutional liberty in Germany. For four years Bismarck ruled Germany in defiance of constitutional rights, but at the end of that time the battle of Königgrätz was fought, and the people were so drunk with patriotic joy that they forgot all about Bismarck, the despot, in order to burn incense before Bismarck, the organizer of victory.

In the course of time Prussia became Germany, and the King became Emperor.

At Versailles in 1871, William I. placed upon his head the crown of empire, and pledged himself to defend the constitution with which the federated states protected

by the then Crown Prince Frederick, or, as he was affectionately called, "Unser Fritz."

Bismarck not merely did not create German unity; he was personally strongly opposed to it.

He was then, as he remains to-day, typical of the Prussian landed aristocrat—loyal to the Prussian crown and incapable of any views broader than the acres from which he lived.

He believed in a strong army as a means of conquering new territory from his neighbors, and also for preventing popular demonstrations at home.

He believed that Prussia was destined to be the only German state of importance, because he believed Prussia capable of forcing one small state after another to accept Prussian rule.

He knew his own history well. His ancestors had fought under successive Hohenzollerns. His country had grown in size through successive reigns of absolute monarchs; not by appeals to the people, but by the wielding of a sharp sword.

From being but a small province of Brandenburg, representing a few square miles of forest and swamp, the Hohenzollerns since 1700 had come to rule a state ready to measure itself with the great powers. Frederick the Great left Prussia proud of an army numbering two hundred and fifty thousand men, drawn from a population numbering ten million. William I. found himself in 1871 ruler of four times that population, and an army relatively much greater. But William I., with his army of a million, was forced to submit to limitations which Frederick the Great would not for a moment have entertained.

Bismarck himself knew well enough that the price of the imperial crown was a constitution for all Germans alike, and that in adopting this constitution Prussia became one of a number of sovereign states, rather than the domineering master capable of compelling the submission of her neighbors.

But Bismarck was also shrewd enough to recognize that the tide of popular sentiment in favor of unity and constitutional liberty was too strong for him to resist, and therefore he moved with this current, endeavoring at least to give it



THE LATE EMPEROR.

their several rights. Bismarck was, of course, the prime mover in drawing the terms of this constitution, although he had been the last to encourage the notion of a German empire. He is to-day worshiped by a multitude of enthusiastic admirers, because in him they think to recognize the author of united Germany.

The worship of Bismarck is a measure of the German's love of his constitutional federation, and this love of unity and empire will not decrease after the people shall have learned that Germany's unity was achieved less by Bismarck than by a current of public opinion well represented

the direction that he wished, even though he could not weaken its force.

The German Emperor, under the constitution, appoints his prime minister, whom he calls his imperial chancellor. But the constitution is carefully silent in regard to the relations of this official, either to Parliament or to the crown. Bismarck was, of course, the first prime minister; and will for many years be quoted as precedent for any interpretations of the Emperor's position under the constitution. Bismarck was twenty years imperial chancellor and was dismissed from office, not by a vote of censure passed by the popular assembly, but by order of his Emperor. The Emperor thus accentuated the fact that in Germany to-day the prime minister is a crown official, responsible to him alone, and not to the people or their constitutional representatives.

Nor did Bismarck himself ever resent this view of his constitutional position, up to the moment of his dismissal. In the House of Congress he repeatedly referred to himself as the Emperor's servant, and as not being accountable to Parliament. He has more than once uttered veiled threats to the people's representatives that if they dared oppose his measures he would do once more what he did in 1862. I have seen him a great many times, in and out of the Parliament buildings; but it was always in the uniform of the soldier, with a big saber at his side. It was pardonable that he should wear soldier clothes while accompanying his master upon battlefields; but there are times when even a soldier might think it becoming to wear the citizen's dress.

One memorable occasion I have in mind. It was in 1884, when the foundation-stone of the present House of Parliament in Berlin was to be laid. It was such an occasion as in any other country would

have led all present to pay honor to the civilian side of the country's government, and to give expression to a feeling that even in Germany there are useful institutions outside of the army.

Hopeful people—and I confess that I was one of them—thought that on this occasion at least, Bismarck would have



THE PRESENT EMPEROR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1891, NOW SUPPRESSED.

laid aside his sword, and ranged himself with the parliamentary members who, at such a time, might fairly have been regarded as the principal people, if not the hosts of the entertainment. But no! The people's representatives were herded in one corner, dressed like high-class wait-

ers; while the prime minister stalked amidst royalty, clanking his cuirassier saber, and embodying soldier feudalism with the aid of a steel breastplate and a brass helmet. This was the more unsavory to me in that Bismarck was never a soldier by profession, he having been trained for the bar. His military rank is purely honorary; and his uniform means no more than that which figures so abundantly on St. Patrick's day wherever the Irish tongue is spoken.

"Like master, like man."

It is a true adage here. The Emperor's place in the German constitution is reflected by the position he has permitted his prime minister to assume. In other constitutional monarchies, the prime minister resigns when he fails to hold a parliamentary majority. Not so in Germany. The Emperor selects his prime minister, not because he represents the majority of his people, but because that minister is prepared to resist Parliament even when the popular voice is overwhelmingly opposed to a crown measure.

The German crown is stronger than we might be led to suspect by what we read from day to day in the press. It is a paternal government, licensed by a democratic constitution. The Emperor is a war-lord leading a free people in arms. His recruits are men who cast a ballot; yet they are sworn to obey an absolute monarch under every condition of foreign or domestic complication. The Emperor has practical control of every man in his army, and of every detail of military or naval expenditure from the erection of a new fortress to the shape of an aluminium water-flask. No one has the right to question anything he may choose to do, yet by the constitution he cannot march a single company unless Parliament votes him the money with which to do so.

The position of the Emperor in Germany is as strange as that of the Queen in England, and largely for the same reason. These two sovereigns rule by reason of daily compromises. They balance between constitutional limitations and the principle of divine right. William II. is Emperor by virtue of a compact. He is King of Prussia by right of conquest. It is hard to tell when he is King of Prussia ruling by right divine, and when he is German Emperor, guardian of the

people's laws. As recently as May, 1895, his government tried in Parliament to pass a law for the suppression of revolutionary and socialistic agitation. The measure was rejected summarily by the people's representatives, and the government naturally felt very sore over its defeat.

As King of Prussia, the Hohenzollern monarch was disposed to imitate the example of his venerable grandfather—dismiss Parliament and rely upon his sword. But as Emperor of Germany he bowed to the expressed will of the people as voiced by their constitutional representatives, and by this act alone did much to strengthen in Germany political self-reliance joined with loyalty to the monarch.

The Emperor's place in the German constitution is so intimately bound up with that of his army, that the two cannot well be separated. Germany suffers heavily from militarism, as it is called; but it is not the militarism of the private in the ranks. The plague of Germany is the enormous standing army of officials, who are either active army officers or who fill government posts by reason of having served extra terms in the ranks. The statistics on this subject are not published; but I am inclined to call five million a moderate estimate of the number of voters who are directly or indirectly in the pay of the crown. All these men have been trained to look upon shoulder-straps as the emblem of power, and to think little of men in plain dress. In Berlin every third man seems to be in uniform, and every uniform seems tacitly to say: "The public be damned!"

The widow of the greatest German scientist of modern times, told me shortly before her husband's death, when he was burdened with the highest of academic honors: "My husband does well enough indoors; but when I walk on the streets I am better protected by the arm of the youngest lieutenant in Berlin."

The explanation is that the distinguished professor, being merely in citizen's dress, would be treated as well as, and no better than, any other citizen; whereas the young officer, wearing his uniform, would receive the deferential salutes of the thousands of officials who

can make daily life pleasant or otherwise. On the railway, the man in uniform receives every attention, while the citizen comes last. I know a retired officer who told me that he never wore his uniform except when he traveled by rail. He said that once or twice he had tried traveling in plain clothes, but that he had suffered in consequence. When in uniform he could always secure a carriage to himself, unless the train was very much crowded. Needless to say that the uniform under these conditions means cash.

If the streets of a town are closed by the police for some royal procession, the greatest professor is forced back into the crowd, but the officer in uniform stalks through and takes with him any one whom he chooses. The officer's uniform in Germany is like a title of nobility, in that it gives its wearer social preëminence everywhere. The father who cannot go to court himself because he is not noble,

puts his son into the army and rejoices in being connected with court circles by that means at least. That son could not take his father or mother to court, and even his wife would be excluded unless she were of noble birth.

Germans are essentially democratic in

their habits, and nothing irritates the mass of the people more than the persistent assumption of superiority on the part of one class. Mere assumption like that of very fresh students, they can endure; for that soon evaporates; but the militarism of to-day is developing into an evil

that does not fade away with growing years, and which did not exist in the last generation. The officer of Germany is now educated in a caste spirit. He has separated himself from the popular life; he considers himself superior to ordinary tribunals, and can be tried only in a military court, even when the plaintiff is a civilian.

In 1870 the officer was a popular man. His uniform was cheerfully welcomed in all assemblages. He claimed no more than all gladly accorded—no more than Englishmen and Americans accord to those who represent the nation's dignity. He did not strut nor swagger then; he lived simply wherever he



AN "AT HOME" PORTRAIT OF THE EMPEROR.

happened to be quartered, and took his meals with other citizens in the public room of the town inn. To-day, barracks have become much more common, and officers live by themselves in their regimental messes. In proportion as they have withdrawn from the social life of

their fellow-citizens, they seem to have assumed pretentious airs calculated to offend equally worthy but less gaily-dressed people.

War-stained veterans of Metz and Sedan swaggered much less than do young officers of to-day who never heard a bullet whizz.

Germany has on foot an army of half a million in time of peace; but this army is by no means such a standing army as is ours and that of England.

The German lad looks forward to serving his year or two in the ranks as naturally as does the American farmer to paying taxes. This militarism few Germans object to. It is an excellent schooling for the average lad of the peasant or laboring class. He learns to take care of his health; he learns to be exact; he hardens his muscles and trains his eyes. In short, it is fair to say that the man who has passed through the German army can command thirty per cent. higher wages than the one who has evaded it. The poorer classes bear it most cheerfully, because it does them the least harm and the most good. The artisan and shop-keeping class grumble somewhat; but even in their case, the time spent in the fields with a musket is not wasted. The lad of eighteen who leaves the mill or the counter with fallow cheeks and rounded shoulder, and who returns in two years well set up and bronzed like a sailor, such a man rejoices the hearts of his parents like the healthy college graduate who has had the good sense to row in his university crew.

Between the militarism of the German officers and the soldierism of the German in the ranks, are nearly one hundred thousand non-commissioned officers who have become soldiers by profession; who

have enlisted for several successive terms, and who do not intend returning to civil life. The government encourages this class, for it is only by having a very well-trained body of non-commissioned officers that recruits can be licked into shape rapidly, as they are in the fatherland.

The militarism of Germany must not be looked for in the army of privates who are, after all, citizen soldiers representing the body of the people. Such menace as the army offers to free institutions in the fatherland, must rather be sought in the professional class of soldiers-for-life—the officers and non-commissioned officers, who are trained to obey no authority save that of the war-lord.

The day may come when Germany may have at its head an ambitious and ill-advised emperor, chafing under the restraints of the constitution, and eager to assert the royal prerogative as it existed in the days of the great Frederick. At such a crisis the army might, for a time, play a rôle little dreamed of by the people who voted for the constitution of 1871. For a time Parliament might be dissolved, and taxes levied by right

of force; but not for very long. It is not likely that the Germany of to-day would submit as tamely as did the Prussia of 1862.

The same constitution that makes the King of Prussia leader of Germany's army, determines at the same time the composition of that army; and herein is Germany's best safeguard, not merely against foreign invasion, but against domestic revolution from above or from below. Every German has not only the right to vote for his member of Congress, he is also compelled to learn the art of fighting in the ranks. It is the obvious duty of every citizen to know how to de-



H. I. M. WILLIAM II OF GERMANY.
TAKEN IN 1888.

fend his country, and even in the United States we cling to the theory that the national guard is the people in arms. With us, however, we stop at the theory, while the German, with more insight, insists upon its practical application.

In the event of the German Emperor attempting an outrage upon the liberties of the German people, he would have to conquer not merely a few mobs, but a volume of angry population made up of well-trained men, needing only weapons to make them more than a match for any body of mercenaries which the crown could bring together.

The mere fact that each German voter is at the same time a soldier, renders the constitution strong at the point where it is likely to be most endangered. Fortunately for Germany, however, William II. represents the best traditions, and not the worst, of the Hohenzollerns. He believes in hard work for himself, and in making others work hard. No ruler in Germany since Frederick the Great has shown equal ability in so many fields; and his enemies would have difficulty in pointing to any of his acts as being unworthy of a German sovereign. He is a keen sportsman, but no one has yet charged him with inducing his officers to gamble.

He sails his own yacht, and has stimulated all over the fatherland a healthy taste for out-door exercises. The German who, in my early days, used to spend his holidays in drinking beer and chasing butterflies, now joins a boat-club or makes long tours on a bicycle. William II. is the first Hohenzollern for many, many years who has acknowledged the hand of God as guiding the affairs of men. He is an honest Christian, and is not ashamed to profess it publicly. For the first time,

in my lifetime at least, the streets of Berlin now begin to look as though her citizens respected the Sabbath day. Nor can the Emperor be charged with hypocrisy. He has preached difficult social questions in a spirit of humanity hitherto unknown in Prussia. He has investigated labor questions and rebuked greedy landlords and still more unscrupulous manufacturers. In the restless activity he displays, his mission is for the public good, even though it may appear at the time nothing more than the sailing of a yacht at Cowes.

In all public matters the German Emperor seems to ignore wholly the limits

of a constitution and the existence of his prime minister. He speaks often without the intermediate assistance of an ambassador; and if he wants to settle a matter at the other end of his empire, he boards his vestibule limited train, or his steam-yacht, and can accomplish in half an hour of talk what most governments would waste weeks in doing imperfectly.

This is not the man we are taught to regard as a tame tool of constitutional forms. The newspaper correspondents

of England, and also of the principal American papers, welcomed the accession of this monarch with predictions far from flattering,—the most charitable being that his mind was deranged.

It is odd now to look back over the first seven years of William II.'s reign, and to compare prediction with fulfilment. American papers, which are usually the most enterprising, had in Berlin no special correspondent worthy of the name. One New York daily shared its news with a French paper famed for its fables inserted as cables. Another of our great dailies sent an imaginative novelist over from London, who saw the new Em-



H. I. M. WILLIAM II. OF GERMANY.
FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

peror once or twice from the curbstone, and promptly wrote a profound psychological work proving everything which his paper deemed suitable to the occasion.

German public men at that time felt keenly the manner in which our newspapers systematically distorted the acts of their Emperor, and on one or two occasions I was seriously asked if no remedy could be found for this daily abuse. Of course I could but say that in this matter the Emperor must take his chances along with the President, the Queen, and other much-abused people, and hope for a reward in the future life, which they must seek to deserve in this. The members of the American embassy were also indignant on this subject, and particularly so because our papers were not even served by correspondents of our own nationality. As a rule, the correspondence from Berlin to New York was done by Germans, rarely by an American by birth and bringing up.

The Emperor was so thoroughly abused at the outset of his reign, that he is now suffering quite as much from a reaction in his favor, and we are liable to go too far and think him better than he really is.

In this article we are not considering him as a man, but as a constitutional factor in the progress of Germany. To us Americans, therefore, it is of interest to know, not so much whether his yacht is successful at Cowes, as whether he is honest in his efforts to lead Germany in the path of constitutional liberty and commercial friendship with the outside world. For seven years he has avoided war, though goaded to it by severe provocation from Russia. For seven years he has lost not a single opportunity of meeting France half-way, and sharing with her the blessings of peace. An analysis of his acts will show that he has done very many things not contemplated by the constitution, but hardly one contrary to its spirit. His proposed laws have been often opposed, and sometimes defeated, but as yet no serious German has raised a cry of alarm lest public rights should be trampled upon by royal violence.

I have said before that Germans are essentially democratic. High and low, rich and poor, all meet together harmoniously in the places of public entertainment, as well as on the school benches. German life is more democratic than that

of New York. The American rich man does not send his son to school with the poor man's boy; he does not worship in the same church as his coachman and his cook; he does not meet his employees on an equal footing when seeking entertainment at an open-air garden concert. In all these things the German is our superior.

But this same democratic German has another side of his character which helps to explain the great power wielded in Germany by a nominally limited Emperor. The German hates disorder and political agitation. As a soldier and a man of business he is trained to think that one mind is a better leader than two; and that no mind is better than a hundred that are in conflict. Far from respecting the will of the majority, he holds that the majority ought to obey the one will. He believes that one will is strong and intelligent; he believes also that the one will is guided by the best possible advice. Injustice may be done under his system, but he smokes his pipe, and sips his beer, and answers you:

"Yes; true. Our Kaiser may make a mistake; but where he makes one, your Congress will make two."

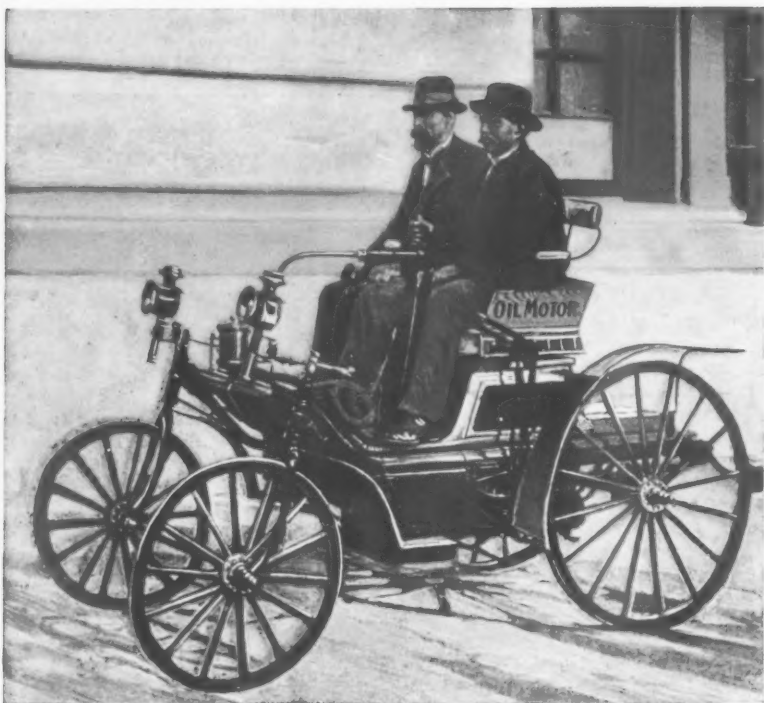
The present Emperor cannot be called to-day a popular man in Germany—at least not with all classes. He has offended the great agricultural interest by refusing to tax wheat from abroad; he has offended even the army by making many changes without consulting the usual heads of departments; he has made many heads shake with doubt because of his expensive habits. He is perhaps less popular in Germany than he is abroad, particularly with the poorer classes. But he can afford to be very much more unpopular before it need concern him. He has a hold upon the German people which is proof against very much political straining. He is through and through German. His faults are German, and so are his virtues. Germans at home find fault with him freely, but let a stranger dare to endorse such fault-finding, and these very same Germans would turn upon the presumptuous outside critic and hotly defend "Unser Kaiser." As long as Germany preserves her constitution, her Kaiser is part of the people. Divided, they count for little; together, they make the strongest alliance in Europe.



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A PORTRAIT OF THE EMPEROR, PAINTED IN 1894 BY MAX KONER.



SOME SPECULATIONS REGARDING RAPID TRANSIT.

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

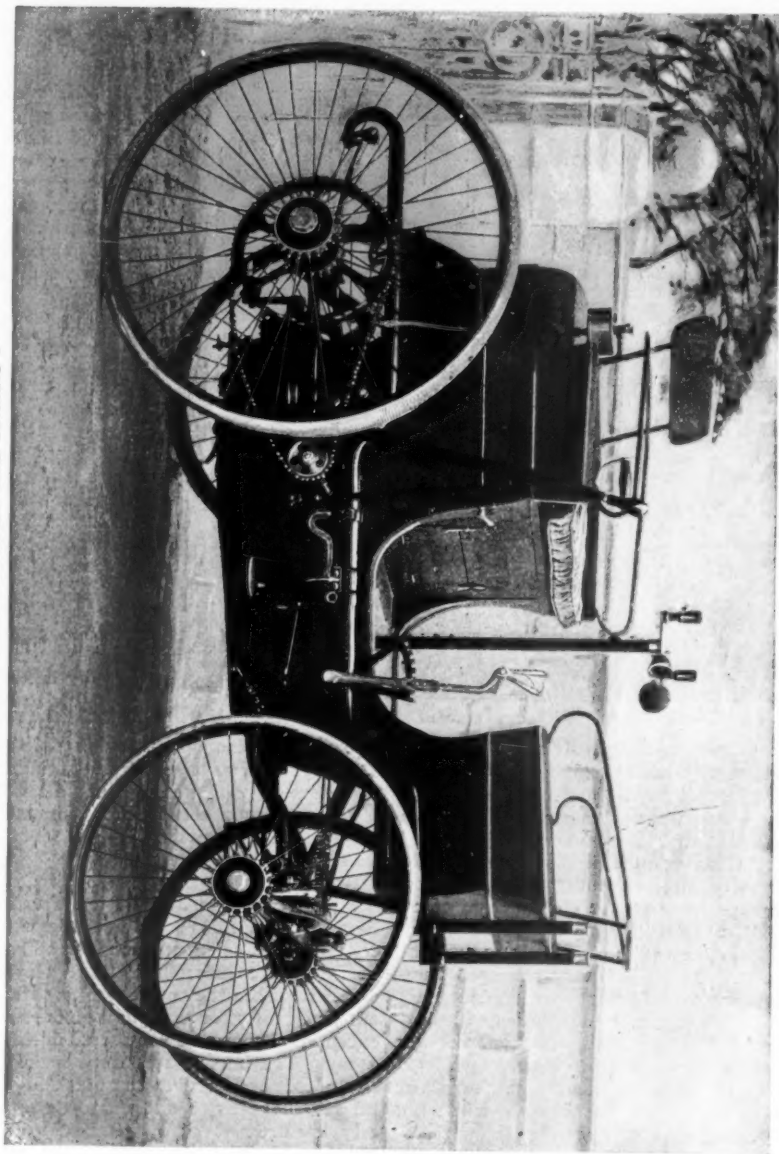
FEW problems contain more of interest for the average person than that involved in the quickening of means of transit. To go back to the beginning, we find that the evolution of man's methods of transportation is somewhat in this order :

- First. Floating log.
- 2nd. Sledge down hill.
- 3rd. Animal's back.
- 4th. Canoe.
- 5th. Ox cart.
- 6th. Chariot.
- 7th. Oared galley.
- 8th. Sedan chair.
- 9th. Sailing vessel.
- 10th. Horse carriages.
- 11th. Steam carriages.
- 12th. Steamships.

- 13th. Pullman cars.
- 14th. Bicycles.
- 15th. Cable cars.
- 16th. Electric cars.
- 17th. Horseless carriages.

There is scarcely a relation in life which is not seriously affected by the question of rapid transit. Rapid movement by individual direction is undoubtedly destined to revolutionize our methods of living, and perhaps, some day, depopulate our great cities.

Men took upon themselves the disadvantages of city life in the first place for the sake of protection ; in later years the great cities grew because of the difficulties of living on country roads so bad that they cut off social intercourse and made the movement of manufactured



A CARRIAGE WITH PNEUMATIC TIRES FOR LIGHT WORK.



FOR COUNTRY ROADS.

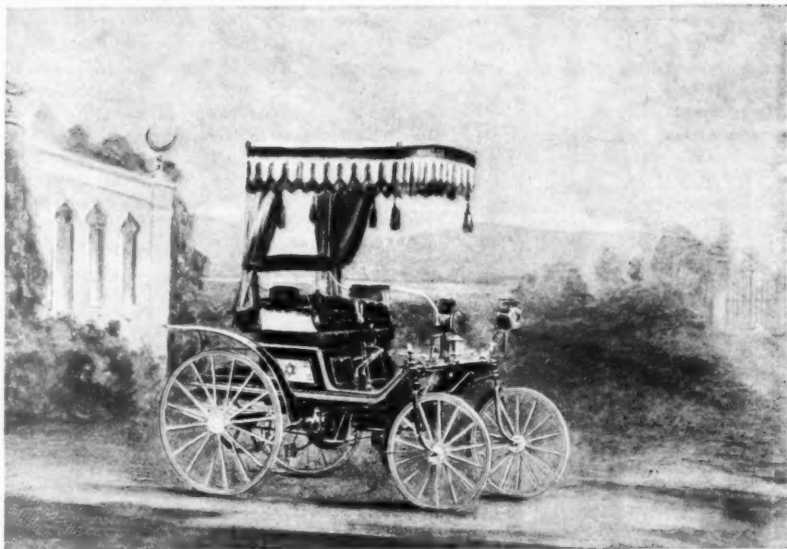
goods slow and expensive. With the bicycle and horseless carriages, good roads will jump into the first order of importance, and we may expect to see within the next ten years hundreds of millions of dollars devoted to the leveling and macadamizing of country highways, or, perhaps, even to the construction of asphalt roadways. With these advantages, country life will become quite a different matter, and small communities will multiply rapidly. The day will undoubtedly arrive when great establishments employing many clerks and workmen will ask themselves whether it is worth while to put up with narrow quarters, high rentals, insufficient light, and bad air, while the advantages of sunlight, health, and economical conditions are within such easy reach elsewhere.

Strangest of all is the bearing of the transportation problem upon questions

political and governmental. The dangers to our republican form of government arise largely from the overcrowding of people in the great cities, reducing the minimum of intelligence, making slaves of the wage-earners, and rendering easy the control of votes for corrupt purposes. With the scattering of industries under the highest development of rapid transit, the conditions prevailing in the great cities may be so modified as to rapidly advance the higher ideals of government. The necessity for the concentration of people behind fortified walls, gave to Europe its feudal system. The concentration of railways in the hands of the few and the consequent aggregation of great wealth

milks from the public by those who control the railways, suggested socialism to the extent of a thorough organization of transportation and production, not for the benefit of individuals, but for the advantage of the people.

Now comes the bicycle, followed by horseless carriages, and, if we are to believe Professor Langley and other equally distinguished scientists, soon to be succeeded by the aeroplane. The bicycle places it within the power of man to run out forty, fifty, or even, if he possesses exceptional sinews, one hundred miles in a day. The horseless carriage makes a trip of four or five hundred miles delightful and inexpensive, and, on roads properly constructed, at a speed so nearly equaling the average railway train, that for journeys of one or two hundred miles it will find constant favor in the eyes of those who love green fields and



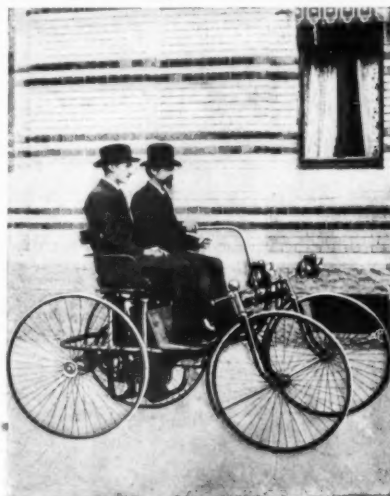
A MOTOR CARRIAGE BUILT IN GERMANY FOR THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO.

trees, and quiet, in contrast with blare, and noise, and cinders.

The test which was recently made from Paris to Bordeaux and back, is doubtless but the incipency of this new method of conveyance, yet these crude carriages—for we know by experience that the first devised forms of all great inventions have been crude as compared with the finished product after some years of actual use—made the distance of seven hundred and fifty miles at an average of more than fifteen miles per hour.

One day we are driving horses and talking about their breed and quality—presto!—the horseless carriage appears on the scene, the talk is no longer of breeding but of roads, and it seems not improbable that within a few years the horse will be relegated to an inferior position. Preparation is being made, too, to put the horseless carriage into the immediate service of the great dry-goods stores in the cities. It will only be a step from this to their adoption for drayage and omnibus purposes—perhaps we are on the eve of the disappearance of the city trolley and cable roads, except upon such highways which may be given up entirely to their operation.

With asphalted streets, the cost of operating numberless eight-seated, low-running vehicles, under a carefully planned organization, ought not to be greater than the present cost of cable cars. This would mean the disintegration of the great companies who now control



AN EARLY OIL-MOTOR EXPERIMENT.

street-car transportation in the large cities, and everywhere prove so corrupting an element in the city elections. No mere cab company can ever become a menace at the polls.

For more than a hundred years economists have been writing of the immense loss of public wealth caused by lack of properly paved highways. But farmers and manufacturers have been content to drag with six animals through the mire and mud what a single horse could pull

Massachusetts, for instance, a law was passed with a view to giving an object lesson in the construction of good roads, by which the State assumed the payment of half the cost of any local highway built under the direction of the State's own engineers. In New Jersey it was proposed to tax each bicycle fifty cents—a tax which was to yield probably one hundred thousand dollars a year, to be devoted exclusively to the construction of good roads. Here seems to be



A PRIVATE ROAD-CARRIAGE, WITH RUBBER TIRES.

over a well-built road. All the wisdom of our legislators has been insufficient to tackle this conspicuous and glaring waste of the common wealth. Yet when it becomes the interest of individuals, as in the case of the bicycle manufacturers, we enter at once upon a new order of things. The bright minds whose pecuniary advantage depended upon the sale of bicycles, quickly saw that insistent solicitude for the public roads was an important part of the work involving a sale of bicycles. As a consequence, ingenious schemes to encourage the rapid building of first-class highways sprang into existence. In

a point in our history at which the individual is about to separate his interests from those of the great transportation corporations.

The trolley car, inexpensive, simple in construction, light, capable of great speed, and of being operated by units, is carrying the blessings of rapid transit into farming communities heretofore almost impossible of access. It parallels the steam railway and more than offsets the higher speed of steam by the possibilities of running single cars at close intervals, thus rendering the would-be traveler independent of time-tables.

And while in this vein of thought, there is another speculation which, in the same line, holds out the prospect of some independence, not merely in regard to passenger movement, but with reference to freight transportation as well.

The successful working of a bicycle railway on Long Island, and the application of the trolley device in other directions, points the way to a simple and inexpensive method of transportation for all kinds of freight except such bulky substances as machinery, stone, lumber, etc. Costly bridges, culverts, and grades would, by the adoption of such a system, be swept away at one stroke. The right of way would no longer be expensive, because the carriage would be so far above the level of the ground that the farmer could reap the crops growing underneath.

With the disappearance of this outlay would go also the bulky cars which mean endless tons uselessly transported: engineers and brakemen would be no longer necessary. There would be guards along the line and employees at shipping and



FIRST EXPERIMENT IN EQUIPPING BICYCLE WITH AN OIL MOTOR.

receiving stations. The light cars would be transferred by cranes to trucks and delivered within the city under private locks, ensuring the owner absolute security. It is strange that a method so clearly recognized, so fully approved by



A PROCESSION OF HORSELESS CARRIAGES—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE PARIS SUBURBS.

the best engineers, so patent in its application, should nowhere to-day be found in operation.

A double line of poles, not very strong, not more than fifteen or eighteen feet high, carrying a wrought-iron rail of not more than one inch by eight, would sustain an endless procession of small corrugated iron cars three or four feet in diameter and fifteen or twenty feet in length, of very inexpensive construction and so light as to be almost inappreciable as compared with the bulk carried. Such a line would transport between New York and Philadelphia more freight than the quadruple rails of the Pennsylvania Central. Let us imagine, for instance, such a line from the wheat-fields of Dakota paralleling the cumbersome and gawky railway. Make a rough calculation as to the number of locomotives and freight-cars scattered over the rails running between New York and Dakota. Figure up the numbers of this army of engineers, brakemen, car-shifters, and agents, and then turn to this lighter form of conveyance, costing not more at the utmost

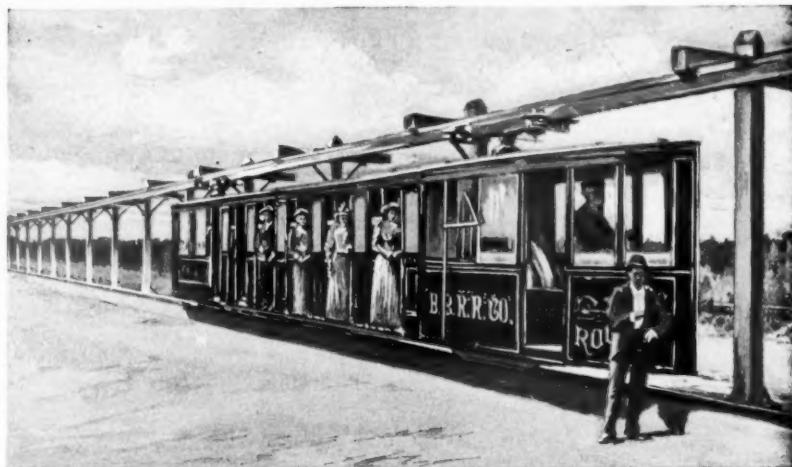
than one thousand dollars per mile, with grades easily regulated by the inexpensive poles and with no motive power other than that supplied from stationary engines, helped out at a thousand points by the rivers turned into waterfalls.

When gradients and costly road-beds are such important factors, it is easy for well organized corporations to control. But with a transportation scheme costing at most one thousand dollars per mile, the country will be traversed by endless systems, and any man or set of men might as well attempt to maintain a monopoly of county roads as a monopoly of such electric transport.

The inexpensive character of the machinery required for the horseless carriage, and the merely nominal cost of fuel for even very long journeys, suggest a new idea that promises to add much to the charm of life for those to whom change and variety are welcome releases from the grind of daily routine. Hitherto the rich have had exclusive control of moving habitations, the houseboat and the yacht being resources only within the



A SMALL OIL CARRIAGE.

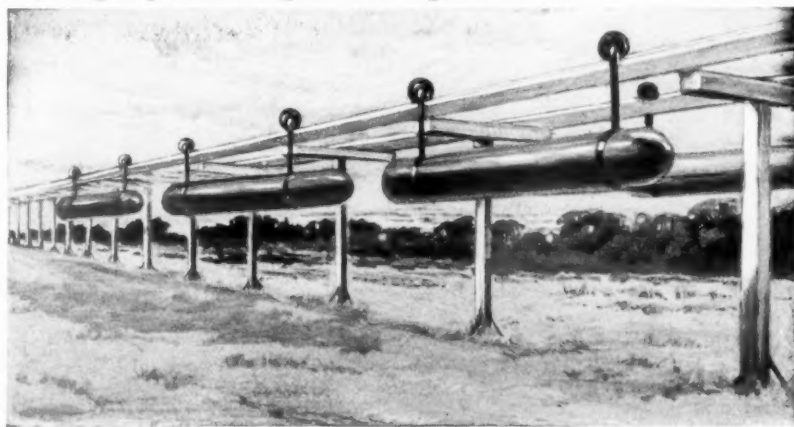


BICYCLE RAILROAD ON LONG ISLAND.

command of large wealth ; but the horseless carriage brings within reach of those in very moderate circumstances the possibility of putting their trunks and conveniences into movable form, and transporting themselves at will over the country. A dining-room, a bath-room, a kitchen, and six or eight sleeping bunks, all quite within the compass of a moderate-sized van, when the motive power is cheap, and the trouble and expense of horses are avoided—it will no longer be a question of going off to an inconvenient country boarding-house, but of buying a horseless van, fitting it up with bedding and cook-

ing utensils, and camping at night in the most delightful retreats, by the clearest springs, alongside the most musical brooks, under the broadest spreading birch trees ! How large a portion of the world's population will turn gypsy with such conveniences at hand remains to be demonstrated.

Welcome the day when simple and inexpensive devices within the reach of all will render humanity independent of the aggregations of capital, and when political influence will cease to overshadow personal independence and foster corrupt legislation.



PROPOSED FREIGHT TROLLEY SYSTEM.

IDENTIFYING CRIMINALS.

By A. F. B. CROFTON.


OF late years the identification of criminals has received more attention from the authorities in every country than any other branch of the police service. While countless improvements have been introduced into the various police departments of the world since their beginning, the method of describing a malefactor has until recently remained unaltered. Even now, in some European countries, and in many of our own states, the process of identification is practically only a mental operation, open to the gravest errors and disputable in all

cases. Criminals have grown more expert in concealing their identity than was the case in former years. The recent legislation in various countries increasing the punishment of recidivists, or habitual criminals, has rendered such attempts more important to the offender, and to this fact may be ascribed the increased interest in the identification branch of the police service.

In the city of Paris the collection of descriptions numbers over three hundred thousand. This immense collection has been so compiled and classified that, even

I. — Observations anthropométriques.									
taille 1*	long*	pied s.	n° de cl.	âge de					
voies	long*	médus s.	aur*	de la	18				
emverg. 1*	long*	auric** s.	ped*	a					
teste 0*	long*	couche g.	art*	dis*	Age sup*				

(Réduction photographique 1/7).



II. — Renseignements descriptifs.									
Ar*	(Racine (prof)			Lond. O.	S.	F.	E.	Turba	Pig*
met*	dos	baso		lob. c.	e.	m.	D.	lve	Sang*
haute	tear	Haut	Saillie	Larg*	a trg. i.	p.	r.	D.	Cont*
Larg*					pit. i.	s.	f.	e.	teats caract*
part*		part*			part*				so. dressé par M.

THE DESCRIPTIVE CARD USED IN PARIS

Height. 1 m.	Rem.	Head, lgt.	Rem.	L. Foot.	Rem.	Circum.	Age years
Stoop.		width		Mid F.		Periph. Z.	
Outs. A 1 m.		lgt.		Lat F.			Born in
Trunk.		Foot		Fore A.		Pecul.	

Incl.	Profile	Ridge,	Married.	Bears.
Hght.	Base,		Teeth.	Complexion.
Width	Length.	Projection.	Breadth.	Weight.
Pecul.	Pecul.	Root.	Chin.	Hair.

MEASURED AT IDENTIFICATION BUREAU CHICAGO, ILL.		BY
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THE DESCRIPTIVE CARD USED IN CHICAGO.

where the name is unknown, any given description can be found in two minutes. The French base their system on a series of measurements, and their legal code makes it a misdemeanor for any arrested person to refuse to submit to them; a form of legislation which has not yet been introduced in this country, as can be seen by the accompanying illustrations.

The original photographs were forwarded for identification to the police department of a large city, and the city sending the portrait of the negro thoughtfully added the following description of him: "Name, W. Smith; color, black; hair, kinky; scar on chin." Naturally, such obvious information is useless, and the identification was not made. The bureaus of identification in the larger cities are daily requested to give infor-

mation concerning criminals arrested in other parts of the country. Such requests generally necessitate a long and uncertain search in "the rogues' gallery" and other records. The gallery is merely an extensive, but unclassified, collection of photographs which are arranged in immense albums according to the date of the arrest. The photographs generally bear on the back some details as to the name, crime, and physical appearance of the prisoner; but owing to the inaccuracy with which the public uses descriptive terms, this information is usually of little use. The public does not seek to define, but merely to depict. For instance, people speak readily enough of black eyes, while in fact black eyes are an impossibility. The pupil of the eye is always black, but the iris never, and even



WHERE PRISONERS REFUSE TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED, IT NECESSITATES THE USE OF FORCE.

the eye of a negro or an Arab is only of a dark maroon color.

The similarity of two photographs may often be confusing to the uninitiated observer, and may even cause an expert to hesitate when they both happen to be taken in a full-face pose. This hesitation is impossible where a profile portrait is adjoined, for, even should there be a resemblance between the two profiles, there will invariably be a distinct difference in the formation of the ear, supposing that the originals are really different people. Nature makes no duplicates, and there are no two ears in the world which are absolutely identical: there is, indeed, a difference between the right and left ears of the same person. Owing to the great variety of its curves and hollows, the ear is by far the most important factor of identification of the human features. It seems to undergo no modification of form from the time of birth until death, and this immutability, which prevents it playing any part in the changing expressions of the face, causes it to attract less notice than any of the other organs. Our eye is as little accustomed to observe it as our language to describe it. In the various photographs of a pro-

fessional criminal taken at considerable intervals throughout his life, the expression of his face, the form of his mouth, the arrangement and abundance of his hair, all change, but his ear remains unalterable, and the identity of its formation in different photographs is sufficient to affirm the identity of the individual.

In the set of photographs shown, the apparent dissimilarity of the various portraits is denied or offset by the evident identity of the ear. The photographs in reality are all of the same man, who was taken at various times in different disguises. It would have been almost impossible to demonstrate this fact had the profile portrait not been adjoined to that of the full-face. But in the side-view the similarity of the forehead, the angle of the nose, and the formation of the ear proclaim the identity of the original beyond a doubt.

The lack of uniformity in judicial photographs, owing to the great variety of pose affected by the authorities in different cities, renders an accurate comparison much more difficult, and of recent years the importance of having the photographs uniform in size and pose has been officially insisted upon in many quarters.

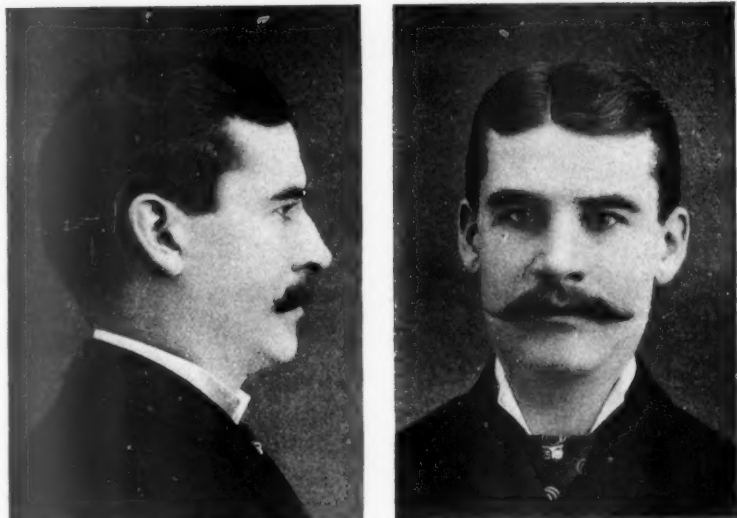


FIGURE 1.—THE FIRST OF SIX SETS OF PHOTOGRAPHS, ALL OF THE SAME MAN, SHOWING THE FUTILITY OF DISGUISE WHEN THE IDENTIFICATION IS BASED ON THE FORMATION OF THE EAR.

The French, who have the most perfectly organized police service in the world, take both a full-face and a profile view, and their example has been followed by several governments. The Chicago police department has adopted the French system in toto, and has now the most

elaborate bureau of identification on the continent. In searching through large collections of photographs the eye soon becomes fatigued and refuses to notice any but the most striking peculiarities. It is physically impossible to compare any given photograph with each of the por-



FIGURE 2.



FIGURE 3.

traits in a collection of many thousand, and from the necessity for an intelligent classification the French, or Bertillon, system was evolved.

In the last quarter century such rapid strides have been made in the United States toward the perfection of the police

departments of its cities that they are fully equal if not better than those of England and the continent. A system of coöperation has been established between the experts of the different cities, as well as with those abroad, and a man, once a criminal, is always a criminal,

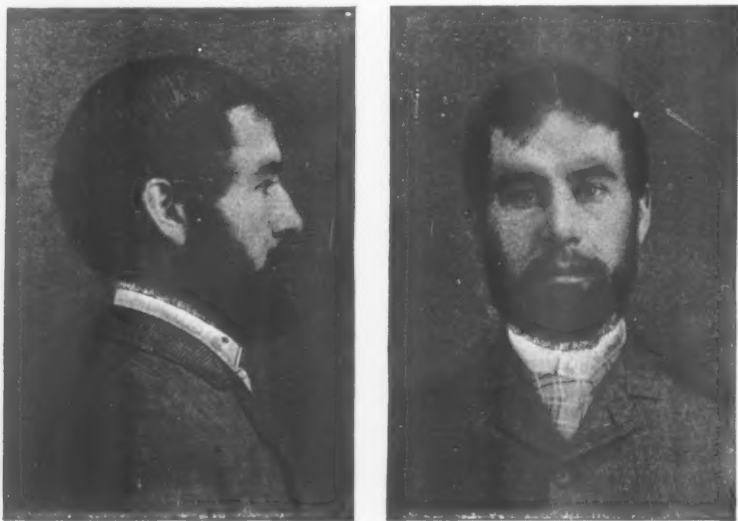


FIGURE 4.



FIGURE 5.

and remains to his dying day under the watchful eye of the police.

Sometimes, though rarely, criminals so closely resemble each other as to cause considerable trouble to the police. Two pickpockets I have in mind, whose photographs were together in the gallery of a

western city, were so much alike as to have been the source of much perplexity. But to the expert the dissimilarity of the forehead, the angle of the nose, and the formation of the ear were sufficient distinguishing marks to do away with any but momentary confusion.

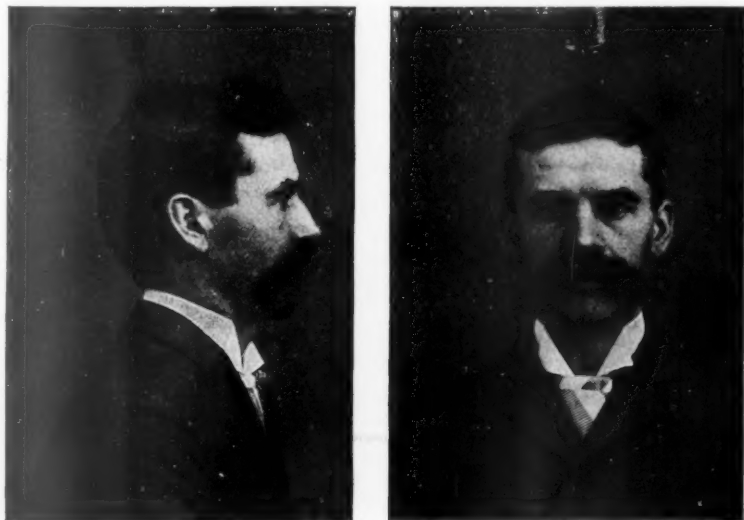


FIGURE 6.



TAKING THE NEW YORK POLICE OUT OF POLITICS.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

IT is a rather severe commentary on New York politics in the past that the present effort to manage the police department in that city on a basis of common honesty should be considered revolutionary. An even worse reflection is contained in the fact that "practical politics" in New York is generally recognized as a synonym of "base politics." Of course, every man should be a politician, using the word in its proper sense, and, equally of course, a man who is not a practical politician can accomplish nothing of moment. But there is no use blinking the fact that in New York, as in many other parts of our country, the class of men who make their living out of politics and who are styled both by themselves and by their neighbors "practical" or "professional" politicians, often possess a standard of public morality so low as to verge on the criminal. This is due largely to the timidity, selfishness,

and apathy of the "better citizens," who shamefully neglect their political duties. It is also due to the easy good-nature—half criminal, half cynical—with which the public has so often condoned gross offenses against honesty on the part of public men. Finally, it is due, more than to any other cause, to the habit of regarding public office as a bribe or reward for political services. When the offices collectively are used to reward the friends of a party and punish its foes, when each, individually, is the gift of some powerful politician, who, of course, exacts from the beneficiary services in kind, there is certain to follow a condition of thorough debasement and corruption. When the spoils are held to belong to the victor, the latter will use them, as the victor in such cases always does use them, for his personal pecuniary benefit. When this fact is once realized by decent people, when once they wake from their lethargy

on the subject, they will make short work of the spoils-mongering politician who plunders and cheats them, and of his corrupt defenders among the newspapers.

Very naturally the professional politician, produced under such corrupt conditions, regards honest men in public office with venomous hatred, and feels a sense of keen personal wrong when any office is administered in accordance with the elementary principles of decency. The rich man who buys up a board of aldermen to secure a street railway franchise, the big politician who blackmails corporations until he becomes a man of

to discriminate between the good men and the bad, and to regard them as all more or less wicked. One result of this is an indifference on the part of the voters to the character of their representatives; they refuse to punish the men who really are scoundrels because they have been trained to disbelieve in public virtue in any one, and do not regard a bad man as much worse than his decent fellows.

But the professional spoils-mongering politician is the real foe of decent government. One of the accusations which he is fondest of bringing against the man

who would like to make public life better, is that the latter is impracticable, and a theorist, and as such only fit for academic work. A good many honest people have really grown to believe this; and as a consequence they acquiesce in the degrading doctrine of the necessary immorality of public life. It is for this reason that the experiment now on trial in the New York police force is especially noteworthy. There cannot well be imagined anything less academic than the management of the New York police force; and it would be quite as difficult to imagine a course of conduct more practical than the principle of administering the department in accordance with those elementary principles



"FATHER KNICKERBOCKER (DESPAIRINGLY):—'WHAT A PITY HE DOESN'T CUT HIS WISDOM TEETH.'"—From the New York Herald.

wealth in the city, the little politician who blackmails saloon-keepers until he becomes a man of wealth in his ward, and the "heeler" who takes a small office for what he can make out of it, and pays for it by dirty work at the primaries and the polls, are all united in an active and intelligent hatred of applied morality in public life. They are often materially helped by those genuinely "academic" reformers whose actions discredit the reform movement. These really are ignorant of politics, and show their ignorance by cordially abusing, not the worst men, but the best, and therefore train the public mind to be unable

of morality outlined in the Ten Commandments and without any regard to what is now miscalled "politics."

The police force was the center of the misgovernment and corruption under Tammany Hall. It was through the police force that gross frauds were committed during election times, and that at other times the saloon-keepers and houses of ill-fame were blackmailed to swell the coffers of Tammany, and of the fragments of the other political organizations with which it was momentarily allied. Under the old dispensation this force was handled with much efficiency, but chiefly for improper ends; under the new, we have



"INTEMPERANCE" — from the New York Evening Telegram.

raised higher the standard of efficiency, and we have administered the department with an eye single to the best interests of the city. The management has been just as practical as ever: the difference has been one of honesty.

The present board as a whole took office on May 6th. Two of the commissioners are Republicans and two Democrats. But we all recognize the obvious truth that it is absurd to manage the police department of a great city with reference to national parties. The duty of a police department is to preserve order and to protect life and property. In New York we have the further duty of securing honest elections. Not a single question of administration arises which can properly be considered as having any bearing upon national politics.

When a burglar breaks into a house, and a policeman arrests him, it is of exceedingly little consequence to the householder whether the burglar believes in a loose or strict construction of the Constitution, or what particular form of tariff the policeman favors. When a riot is to

be put down, the views of the police department from the highest to the lowest on the question of the free coinage of silver are of small moment. The general public is concerned solely with the efficiency and honesty of the force. These facts are so patent that it seems a little ridiculous to so much as state them; but in practice their truth has certainly not been recognized in time past. Prior to our taking office, policemen were appointed and promoted almost solely on the ground of political favoritism, save that, by way of added infamy, a system of pecuniary corruption was gradually grafted on the system of political corruption. Men were appointed and promoted because of their politics; but in addition they were forced to pay heavily for the appointment or the promotion; and they expected to make good what they had paid out by widespread and wholesale blackmail and plunder. And this was what the defenders of the old order called "practical!"

The first and obvious duty of the board was to rule out the question of a man's politics in making appointments, promo-



"HE'S ALL RIGHT WHEN YOU KNOW HIM; BUT YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW HIM FIRST."—From the New York Evening Telegram.

tions, reductions, and dismissals. A great many people said that this could not be done. I think the majority of expert investigators were inclined to regard it as an impossibility. Yet it proved in practice most easy. The mountain shrank to a mole-hill the minute we strode steadily toward it. For a short time we had to explain over and over and over again, that politicians could neither help nor hurt any man unless they could show something about him which was to his credit or discredit as a citizen and an official. This idea finally got through their heads, and then all the trouble vanished like smoke. In no single instance did we pay the slightest heed to a man's political affiliations; and the result was that we got better men promoted and appointed than had ever been the case before, and punished the bad in a way they had never before been punished.

This point is worth calling to the attention of those who consider civil service reform impractical. We had to keep the force up to the highest standard of practical efficiency. We had to protect life and property in a community which would have cared nothing for theory if, in practice, the force went wrong. We found the easiest and cheapest way to attain our end was to pay strict heed to the cardinal principles of civil service reform.

We had hundreds of vacancies to fill: we filled them all with absolute indifference to the politics of the applicants, and we paid as little attention to their creed. Any man within proper age limits, and a citizen of the United States, who applied was given the examination. He was required to furnish vouchers from five responsible citizens as to his character, and, furthermore, we carefully investigated his character through our own



"THE DRIEST MAN ON MANHATTAN ISLAND."—From the New York Recorder.

officers. He was subjected to a rigid physical examination to prove that he was sound in body, and possessed strength and activity. Then he was put through a careful mental examination, and was required to show that he had ability such as would be necessarily implied by ordinary attendance at our public schools. Not a fifth of the applicants succeeded in passing all the tests. Four-

an honest politician as to a man's character precisely as we accepted the word of any other citizen. But if an applicant got nobody but politicians to vouch for him, and especially if he merely varied the list with an occasional saloon-keeper, we felt that he had given us reason to scrutinize his character most carefully before being willing to accept him. If he was vouched for by a corrupt politician,



"THE MAYOR RETURNS TO THE CITY, BUT HE HARDLY KNOWS IT, FOR IT HAS BECOME THE GREAT SUNDAY DESERT SINCE HE WENT AWAY."—From the *New York Evening World*.

fifths were excluded because of shortcomings in body, in mind, or in character.

The tests were rigid, for the position of a police officer is one of great responsibility, and is very well paid; so we felt the city had a right to demand a high-grade man. But if the man did pass the tests, his politics, whatever they might be, did not weigh a feather in the balance. If he was a mere hanger-on of public office, and evidently dependent upon politics for a livelihood, we treated this as a circumstance requiring careful explanation. We accepted the word of

his chances were at an end unless he gave a satisfactory explanation. So that an applicant might readily hurt himself if he were backed by politicians of bad character, and he did not help himself in the least by the support of politicians of good character any more than by the support of other reputable citizens. A man backed by President Cleveland and Governor Morton would have stood no more chance than a man whose character was testified to by the grocer with whom he dealt, and the boss carpenter for whom he worked.



"WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED IF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB DOOR IS CLOSED ON SUNDAY."
—From the New York World.

In making promotions we followed exactly the same principles, but we varied their application so as to suit the changed condition. In making appointments to the grade of patrolman, the only practical method to obtain good men was by a rigid competitive examination. Not once in a hundred times did any of us know anything about the man until after he had applied; and we found as a matter of experience, that our rigid tests gave us excellent material out of which to develop good patrolmen. But no physical or mental examination would, by itself, have met our needs in making promotions; while, on the other hand, we of course knew all about the men to be promoted. The police force of New York, numbering as it does over four thousand

officers, is a half-military organization, and many of the principles on which it is governed are analogous to those which obtain in the army or navy. Policemen must at all times exercise vigilance and good judgment, and must sometimes show great energy, courage, and determination in the performance of their regular duties. They are continually called upon to arrest murderers, burglars, and criminals and desperados of every grade; and now and then they must wage pitched battles with mobs. Every year a great many runaway teams are stopped, and a great many persons saved, by individual members of the New York police force, from death by burning or drowning.

Of course, some of the men who perform heroic deeds of this kind are, for other reasons, unfit for promotion. Steady and active performance of ordinary duty must always be given full weight. But it is important that the deeds of heroism should be given their weight, too. On the whole, the best soldiers are those who win promotion by some feat of gallantry on the field of battle, or by signal excellence in the management of the troops under them, whether many or few, in some engagement or campaign.

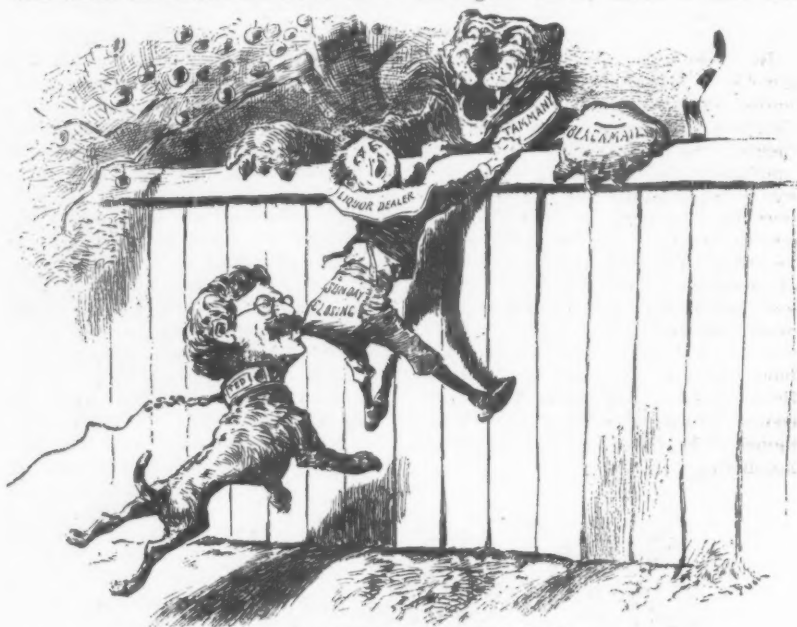
Accordingly, we



"CROKER MADE THE LAW, ROOSEVELT ENFORCES IT."
—From the New York World.

adopted the principle of forming a merit list on which we put the names of the men who had distinguished themselves by gallantry in saving life, in protecting property, or in arresting dangerous criminals; and also of the men of marked excellence in the performance of their ordinary duties. The list thus obtained, we tested the men on it by competitive examination. In the higher places we paid special heed to the skill and success with which the officers handled the men

not discover until months afterward, and then by accident.) Another captured three burglars at one time. Another captured an armed and desperate murderer, and, in addition, was found to have served for seven years with an aggregate of fines in all that time amounting to but two days' pay. Another captured three burglars in a week, one of them under circumstances which spoke most highly for his nerve and daring. Another, a very active and intelligent officer, saved a man from



"IN A FIX."—From the New York Herald.

under them, and repressed vice and disorder in their precincts.

To illustrate our action, I cannot do better than refer to our first dozen promotions. These included one man—a veteran of the Civil war—who had just saved his twenty-fifth man from drowning. Another had rescued a woman and two children from a burning building. A third, when assailed by a drunken criminal who had just murderously attacked a citizen, shot the would-be murderer, and when, by permission of the board, he was given a sum of money by the man he had rescued, he turned it over to the widow of the criminal, (a fact which the board did

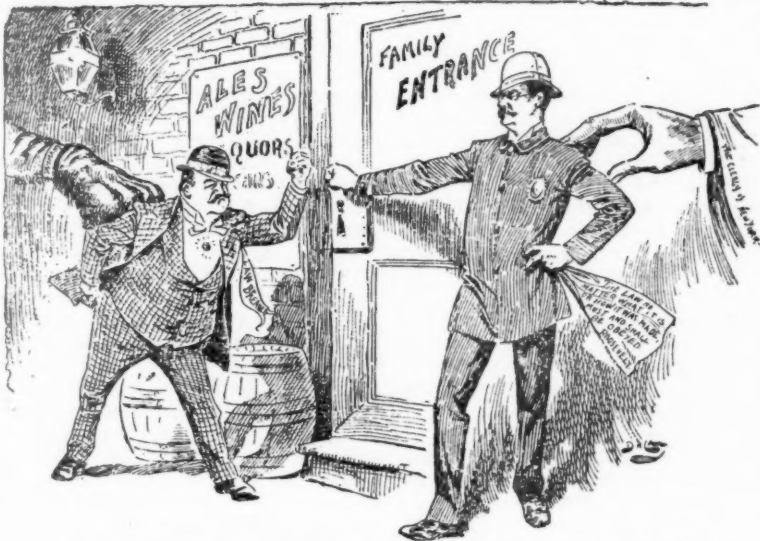
drowning, at the peril of his own life, and also gallantly stopped a dangerous runaway, besides having served over six years without a complaint against him. Another, by persevering vigilance and fearlessness, broke up and dispersed a gang of toughs who infested a certain neighborhood. Yet another, in making an arrest, was set upon and very badly wounded by the associates of the criminal whom he had seized, but nevertheless contrived not only to hold his prisoner, but to capture one of his assailants, though he had to go to the hospital for two weeks afterward. The others had been particularly zealous and faithful

in the performance of their duty, though no opportunity had arisen for them to specially distinguish themselves. In but one instance did we know the politics of a promoted man.

One of our important functions is to see that elections are carried out honestly. Under the old Tammany rule the cheating in New York was gross and flagrant. The police were often deliberately used to facilitate fraudulent practices at the polls, and the commissioners of police were in part directly responsible, not only because of the actions of their subordinates, but because of the character and intelligence of the men whom they allowed the two parties to put in as election officers. We have tried to remedy this by making the police understand that their sole duty is to guarantee an honest election so far as lies in their power, and that they will be punished with the utmost rigor if they interfere with honest citizens on the one hand, or if they fail to prevent fraud and violence on the other. We have also exercised great care in choosing the officers of elections. We have put them through an examination designed to test their capacity to perform the duties allotted to them. This is to prevent what has sometimes happened in the past, when

a police clerk or inspector of elections has shown himself so ignorant that an unscrupulous opponent could cheat at will, undetected. Finally, we have, as far as possible, carefully inquired into the character of the different party nominees. With nearly eleven thousand of these officers to appoint, it has been impossible to scrutinize their character as rigidly as is desirable, but we have published the names in the City Record, have made all possible inquiries ourselves, and have invited the action of outside citizens (and especially of the Good Government clubs, which are well organized for the work) to help us. As a consequence we have very appreciably raised the character and caliber of the election officers. The need of what we did may be judged from the fact that we were obliged to reject, for moral or mental shortcomings, over a thousand of the men whom the regular party organizations proposed for these positions.

When we took office, long years of constantly growing corruption had utterly demoralized the force. Every kind of criminal who could afford to pay for protection had long been systematically blackmailed. Laws that were irksome to any class of citizens had been enforced only to the extent that the politicians of



"THE HAND OF THE LAW AGAINST THE TIGER'S PAW—WHICH WILL PREVAIL?"
—From the New York Recorder.

the dominant party demanded, in order to coerce the threatened classes into the support of their own party. Promotions—especially to the higher places—had been purchased for enormous sums of money, which sometimes went to political organizations, sometimes to some individual official, and the promoted parties reimbursed themselves by flagrant blackmail. As a sequel to this corruption, an utter laxity of discipline had begun to obtain. The force had much good material in it, but was, as a whole, very badly demoralized, indeed. The only way we could remedy matters was by an active and vigilant personal

supervision on our own part, and by insisting on a strict compliance with the rules within the force and a strict enforcement of all laws by the force.

The Legislature, so far from helping us, hampered us greatly by its action. It deliberately curtailed the powers of the board, instead of increasing them. It thus prevented our dismissing any of the corrupt men in the force save in cases where we could prove their corruption by fulfilling all the technical requirements of a court of law. It must always be remembered that, so far from giving us special powers to do our work, we had even less power than our predecessors had, and worked at a greater disadvantage. The difference was purely the difference between the boards themselves.

Yet, in spite of the way in which we were hampered by legislation, we worked a revolution in the force. Each of us saw for himself how the duties were performed by the captain of each precinct, and, if not by the patrolmen of each beat, at least by a sufficient number of patrolmen



"WHICH WILL IT BE—THRONE OR THROWN?"—From the New York Recorder.

to find out what they were doing. We went to the station-houses and through the precincts at every hour of the day and night. Exactly as we rewarded promptly and with a free hand the best members of the force, so we mercilessly punished the worst by heavy fines and by dismissal. The officer who slept on his post, who got drunk, or showed laxness in dealing with crime or criminals, or was guilty of brutality toward unoffending citizens, was promptly dismissed, exactly as his faithful brother was promoted and rewarded. As a result, the morale of the force improved with almost startling rapidity. Discipline in the force was observed as it was never observed before; and vice and disorder in the city diminished equally.

A violent outcry followed our determination to enforce all the laws, and especially the Excise law. The law against opening saloons on Sunday and after hours on week days, and the law against gambling-houses and houses of ill-fame, had been the most fruitful sources of blackmail in the past. They

had never been dead-letter laws. They had always been partially enforced; but never against those who paid sufficient blackmail, or who possessed the requisite political influence. There was but one way to cut off this system of corruption and blackmail, and that was to require an immediate and strict enforcement of the law.

Our enforcement of the Sunday Excise law caused most disturbance. Up to the time we took office no official had ever made a serious and consistent effort to enforce this law. Almost all men of much experience insisted that the law could not be enforced. After carefully consider-

cal clubs for their neighborhoods. Under such conditions we had to expect violent opposition.

At first, few public officials and hardly a single newspaper gave us hearty support. All the Tammany politicians, and some Republican and anti-Tammany Democrat politicians as well, denounced us, and the papers opposed to us literally went into a frenzy of abuse and anger. But our position was impregnable. We stood on the principle that the law should be honestly and fairly enforced while it remained on the statute-books. We had nothing to do with putting it on the statute-books, but while it was there we would in good faith enforce its observance.

It seems incredible that so simple a proposition should have needed defense. Gradually all men who were both honest and intelligent saw this. Toward the end we were opposed only by the liquor dealers who had thriven on their illegal traffic, by the most evil and reckless politicians, by the foulest portions of the newspaper press, and, finally, alas! that it should be written, by the ordinary citizens who were either indifferent to law as well as to honesty and decency, or who were so ignorant as to fall an easy prey to the demagogue and the corruptionist, or who, though with tendencies toward decency, never-



"TERRIBLE EFFECT OF THE 'ZOO' UPON THE ORDINARY POLICEMAN OF THE DAY."—From the *New York Evening World*.

ing the matter, however, we came to the conclusion that it could be enforced, and that, in any event, we had no alternative save to try and enforce it if we wished to retain our self-respect or obey our oaths of office. There were ten thousand liquor dealers in New York, and they were backed by the immensely wealthy organization of the brewers, while their support among the voters at large was very great, as the saloons were in each case the lounging places and social and politi-

theless put appetite above conviction and deliberately asked to gratify their thirst for liquor at the cost of every principle of order and fair dealing.

The effect of our action upon politics is not easy to foretell, for there are, unfortunately, too many men whose foolishness or whose greediness and low ideals render them the ready tools of unscrupulous and reckless politicians. But the effect of our action on the administration of the city has been very marked. After



"THE MAN WITH THE PULL AT PRESENT."—From the New York Recorder.

two months of desperate opposition, the saloons broke down completely and the law was rigidly enforced. All the prophecies of the prophets came to naught. We proved, once for all, that the saloons could be shut in New York City. It is an object lesson which cannot but bear fruit in due season. It must always be remembered that our sweeping and complete victory was only rendered possible by the cordial and active support of the judiciary.

The outcry of that portion of the press which, for the moment, made itself the tool of criminals and lawbreakers, availed as little as the protests of politicians, or as the resistance of the lawbreakers themselves. We pursued our course steadily without halting or wavering, and we carried our point.

Under our administration of the police department there has been in New York a steady diminution of offenses against the laws. In a city as large as New York there will always be some crime and disorder; but as the disci-

pline and morale of our force improved, the disorderly and the vicious were forced to work with ever more and more caution. The statistics show that, when compared with similar periods of time under our predecessors, there were under us a considerably smaller number of felonies committed, and yet a considerably larger number of felons arrested.

What we had done was so simple that it excited wonder as to why it had never been done before. There is no mystery about obtaining good government for our cities: there is not much need of any radical and elaborate change in the form of government. Occasionally a law will be so bad that it has to be repealed or modified before good government in a certain direction is obtainable. If it had not been for the fact that, ten years before Mayor Strong's election, the Legislature took away from the aldermen their power of confirming or rejecting the



"THIS IS NOT A DOG, BUT A TIGER, AND THE MAN IS NOT FREEZING IN THE ICE, BUT DYING IN THE GREAT SUNDAY DESERT."—From the New York Evening World.

mayor's appointments, the victory of last fall would have amounted to little or nothing. But it is only in exceptional instances that legislation is of such importance. We need wiser legislation for our cities; and here and there we need radical reforms which can only be obtained through the enactment of proper laws; but what we most need is honesty, fearlessness, and efficiency among public officials.

Examples to prove this are ready to hand. In New York the present Excise board works practically under the same laws which controlled its predecessors. Yet the present Excise board has made a complete revolution in the whole system of granting and refusing licenses, in the case of licensees accused of keeping disorderly houses, by the simple process of acting in strict accordance with the rules of elementary honesty.

So it has been with the police department. The board, from the beginning, ruled out every question of mere partisan politics. We did not in any way lose our loyalty as individuals to our respective

parties. On the contrary, we felt that we rendered our parties the best of services by ourselves acting as honest officials, without regard to party. We made up our minds also that, in any question of honesty and decency, we had no right to take into account considerations of mere expediency. It is eminently right and proper that legislative bodies should consider what is expedient, as well as what is right in the abstract. To behave otherwise would mean to break down popular government. They are always obliged to content themselves, as Abraham Lincoln phrased it, with the "best possible" when they cannot secure the best. So a great party leader, when formulating a party policy, is obliged to take into consideration conflicting prejudices, and must—at least normally—adopt a course of action which will secure popular support. Occasionally, of course, it is the duty of the legislator and the party leader alike to defy or disregard public opinion, no matter what the consequences may be. But this cannot be and ought not to be the ordinary attitude of either.



"A FEW POSSIBILITIES OF COMMISSIONER ROOSEVELT'S INTENDED SHAKEUP."
—From the New York Recorder.

An officer to whom is confided the carrying out of the laws has no such discretion. It is a lamentable thing when the people and the public officials alike grow to think that laws should only be enforced so far as the officers of the law think that public opinion demands their enforcement. It is such a belief that inevitably leads to lynching, white-capping, and all kindred forms of outrage. The members of the Board of Police feel certain that they can render no greater service to the cause of honest government than to try to root out this feeling.

Some years ago a then noted politician stated that the golden rule and the decalogue had no place in practical politics, and that the purification of politics was but an iridescent dream. The base cynicism of such an utterance endears it to the knave and the fool, and under one or

other of these categories we must place every man who does not condemn it. Whatever the present Board of Police has accomplished is due to the fact that it has proceeded on the assumption that the decalogue and the golden rule are peculiarly in place in practical politics. So far as the department under us is concerned, we have shown that the purification of politics is easy enough if men will start about it with common-sense and earnestness. We have acted with the ordinary honesty which would be expected in private life of men who were engaged in some enterprise for the common good; and the practical effect of our actions has been that in New York the orderly observance of law has been secured as it has never been before, and that the honesty and efficiency of the police force have been immeasurably increased.

A FLOWER OF THE FIELDS.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

BEE-BITTEN in the orchard hung
The peach, or, fallen in the weeds,
Lay rotting where still sucked and sung
The wild bee, boring to the seeds
That to the pulpy honey clung.

The orchard path, that led around
The garden, with its heat one twinge
Of strident locusts, straggled, bound
With sun-warped pickets, where one hinge
Held up the gate that scraped the ground.

All was the same; the martin-box,—
With all its pigmy balconies,
And all its sudden-soaring flocks,—
Perched on its pole among the peas
And silver-seeded onion stocks.

The clove-pink and the rose; the clump
Of brass-bright sunflowers with the heat
Sick to the heart; the garden stump
Rich with geranium pots and sweet;
And there the well and wooden pump.

I rested with one languid hand
Upon the gate; the lonesome day,
Hushed as old sorrow on the land,
Droned round me. Dry with scents of hay
And weeds, stagnation seemed to stand.

I breathed the heat and hay, my eyes
Parched as my lips; and yet I felt
My limbs were ice,—as one who flies
To some wild woe;—and still I smelt
The hay and heat that soaked the skies.

Noon nodded, dreamier, drowsier
For one long, lonely, forestside
Bird-quaver. And I knew a near,
Hard, aching anguish—she had died,
I felt it and no need to hear!

I passed her quince and pear-tree, where
About the porch the grapevine trails.
How strange that fruit, whatever air
Or earth it grows in, never fails
To find its native flavor there!

And she was as a flower, too,
That grows its proper bloom and scent
No matter what the soil. She, who,
Born better than her place, still lent
Grace to the lowliness she knew. . . .

They met me on the porch and were
Sad-eyed with weeping. And the room
Shut out the country's heat and purr,
And left light stricken into gloom
That love and I might look on her.

A TRAGEDY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY MRS. F. W. DAWSON.



THEN why did she not keep the pigs from his cotton-patch? He had warned her! No man of his race ever failed to keep his word! By the eternal powers of mud and the State of South Carolina, he was a gentleman! He never said a thing he did not mean! This thing had gone on long enough. Again and again he had said, "Sure as you let those hogs of yours in my cotton, I'll blow your brains out!" Did they believe him? Well, they knew now whether he kept his word or not! Thank themselves for playing with fire once too often! Why did he not kill the pigs? Well! he had not thought of that. He had remembered he had to keep his word. By the powers of mud, a gentleman has to think of that first!

But this was in his twilight, whisky-strengthened meditation on the broad piazza.

When the sun had been overhead, hours ago, he was standing there looking at Scipio, who had fallen asleep bolt upright, sustained by the handle of his hoe, which had ceased to turn the soil. The colonel had retired to the house to fortify himself with his midday toddy. Scipio took the next best thing, from his point of view—a nap. As the colonel, mellowed by the subtle influence of the old corn whisky, stepped out on the sunlit piazza, those depraved pigs, before his very eyes, were ravaging his one hope of earning a living. Scipio, with a jerk that made the hoe scatter the soil, awakened at the ringing cry, "Here! you, Scipio!" He sprang forward briskly.

The colonel advanced with compressed lips and resolute stride. His hand grasped a gun. "Come along!" was his brief command.

Scipio followed, neither demurring nor questioning. Indeed, a bolder man than Scipio would have shrunk from inquiring the meaning of that deadly and intense silence. The colonel's fixed eyes and martial stride inspired caution. A clear, young voice rang out on the silence:

"Pa-a!"

The colonel half turned, without looking at the speaker. Waving the hand that was not clutching the gun, he tenderly cried: "You go back, Lorena! I'll come back, by and by!"

"Well, pa-a! What you goin' to shoot?"

"Hogs, child!"

"I'll go, too!"

"No you won't! You go just where I tell you: right in that house. And stay there, too!"

She was a strange, frail, elf-like child; tall, slender, on the debatable land between childhood and girlhood. Her threadbare, outgrown garments accentuated, in rents, the poverty sufficiently proclaimed by the naked feet and long stretch of stockingless legs. The mass of black hair hanging raggedly over her shoulders betrayed the absence of a mother's care. The pose and tone of this fresh, young creature bespoke a freedom and self-reliance rarely found in one of so few years. Her mother had passed away within her brief span of memory. Young as she was, she remembered the patient endurance, the poverty, toil, and humiliation that had been the portion of that mother in those latter days. "Befoh de wah," the colonel had been the owner of more lands and of nearly as many "subjects" as fall to the lot of some European kings. The bride he had enthroned in his ancestral home was envied by all the maidens of the land, because of the rare fortune that had come to her. No matrimonial candidate of the country could rank with the colonel. The wife never forgot this when poverty and degradation banished from the fine old house every sound of mirth and almost every trace of pardonable pride. It was her misfortune to fade with his waning fortunes. Loyally she ministered, as ser-

vant, to him who had crowned her queen of his princely home. But her fragile physique was ill-suited to rough fare and coarse work. She sank visibly and without a murmur. She would have held herself as unworthy, had she failed to conceal from him the burden under which she was crushed. The end was sudden, fortunately. She died in a superhuman effort to accomplish some menial task beyond her strength.

Only then did the colonel fully understand what her life had been. Henceforth, he was more than ever silent, and more than ever devoted to the one living child. His library, which had been his delight in days of luxury, was still his favorite retreat. But external contact with books now sufficed him. Rarely were they touched, save by the child who lay on the well-trodden carpet, striving to unravel their secrets. Her singular inspiration in drawing was his chief interest. Untaught, she had mastered the art of reproducing her childish fancies with wonderful ability. Her father was her sole companion. She was not aware that the demon drink did not always leave him in a state for ideal intercourse. Drunk or sober, she never saw the difference. And he had the grace to save his deeper potations for the night, when they would kill him more speedily and make him less offensive. Through the day, he merely drank enough to deaden himself to the memory of the galling poverty that had blasted his life. All the tenderness lavished on his wife was now centered on the child. She followed him afield; she ran beside him as he hunted the game that occasionally varied their common fare. In earliest youth she learned to light his pipe, bring his whisky, and to discharge the household duties within her limits. The toil of others was the play of this little one. Apart from the whole unheeding world, father and child clung to each other. They neither knew nor cared for other interests. Had she died, he would have avenged himself on an unjust omnipotence by rushing unbidden into the awful mysteries of the unseen. In the elementary instructions unconsciously bestowed upon the child he had never included the knowledge of a Heavenly Father. Long ago she had ceased to repeat the half-for-

gotten prayers her mother had taught her. If the name of God suggested anything to her mind, it was chiefly as a potent curse of her father's when things went wrong in the field. And so the little weed grew with its own peculiar use and beauty, neither knowing nor caring that development, fruition, and decay were the inscrutable laws illustrated in its obscure sphere.

Hearing the beloved father order her to the house, she turned without demur and busied herself with her daily duties.

Meanwhile, the stern, silent man stalked on, bearing his gun, and followed by Scipio, who reluctantly dragged behind. It was but two hundred yards to the next house, a rough log structure which stood bleak and somber in its few acres of neglected land. The poor dwelling consisted of two rooms, divided by a broad, open passage. A single mud chimney relieved the dark outline; a thin wreath of smoke arose in delicate waves in the limpid atmosphere. On this balmy day, it could only be a kitchen fire that was needed within.

The mistress of this lowly home was standing on the porch. Three rough steps led down to the littered ground. She had stepped from the room that served as kitchen, bed-room, parlor, and work-room. Glancing through the rude opening that served as a window, she had seen the colonel and his dusky attendant in their singular progress. Curiosity prompted her to leave the double rasher of bacon frying in the skillet, and made her hasten out to watch them pass. Her son, a gaunt, tall youth of twenty, collapsed, rather than crouched on the hearth to take her place. No word of explanation passed between them. His lank, yellow hair crowned him as the stubble crowns the neglected field. The coarse, homespun shirt of dubious tint served alike as coat and shirt. Certainly they are never worn together. One broken and patched suspender held his recalcitrant butternut trousers as much in place as they ever would be. A pair of suspenders was never owned in its entirety by any one of his caste. "Galluses" they called them; if originally purchased, they could only have been to divide between father and son, or near neighbors; they twain were never again one flesh.

The youth raked hotter embers on the sweet potatoes banked in the ashes that ever lay half a foot deep in the yawning fireplace. A few more minutes, and the last crisp, brown shade would touch the frying bacon. Already the hoe-cake was firmly crusted on the side presented to the live coals opposite the board on which it was spread. The primitive table with its yellow earthenware stood near the fire. The loom, with its half-finished cloth, was at one end of the room, and the bed, with its dingy appurtenances, was at the other. Half-way between these two prominent pieces, knelt the young "cracker" on the hearth. His protruded tongue was held upside down between his discolored teeth as he thrust his iron fork in the hoe-cake, the bacon, or the potatoes, to test their fitness for serving. Absorbed in this critical examination, he hardly heeded when his mother suddenly called, "Teddy!" Turning the last slice of bacon in its dripping fat, he laid the fork on the ashes and reluctantly arose to join her. As he shambled to the porch through the open hallway, once more his mother cried, "Teddy!"

No one ever called him again — not even to dinner!

The bacon sizzled angrily in its neglect; fretted and puckered up its edges, and burned away to crisp, black ashes. The hoe-cake baked through to the board, which slowly and sullenly charred and crumbled in hot resentment. The sweet



Drawn by
E. W. Kemble.

LORENA.

potatoes, but now luscious with their hidden sugar exuding on the skin in soft candy, stiffened, hardened, and burned in their stifling bed, unseen and untasted.

For the colonel had kept his word as a gentleman, "by the eternal powers of mud and the State of South Carolina!"

When Teddy's mother had abandoned her cooking duties to her son, she had stepped out wearing that calico sunbonnet, without which this peculiar class of women are never seen. Sometimes strips of pasteboard serve to give those shapeless hoods an evanescent form. But these

soon collapse and dangle helplessly around the face. The next device is to wear them loosely folded over backward, and drawn forward to fall in any random plait that calico can assume. So decked, the southern "cracker," or "sand-hiller," is apparently unconscious of the lack of any other garment, at home or abroad. These bonnets are worn afield, to keep off heat, cold, sun, rain. They are worn in the house, to be prepared for any of these possibilities in their constant visits to the outer air. Whether it be a stroll to the woodpile, or to the pigsty, or to the "branch," or to the corner where the daintiest bit of clay lies hidden for the dirt-eater's delectation, the sunbonnet crowns the woman from the cradle to the grave.

So Teddy's mother stepped from the hearth to the porch, the sunbonnet that shielded her from the fire still falling around her eyes. From under its shadow she glanced at the colonel, who was now some paces from the wooden steps, Scipio respectfully halting in the rear.

"Them hogs of yourn," said the colonel, adopting the vernacular familiar to Teddy's mother, "have got in my cotton again."

She looked at him in silence. To her dull mind it must have seemed unimportant where they "got," provided they got enough to fatten them for killing. It did not matter to her; she planted no cotton herself. Indeed, she planted nothing that required care.

The colonel was very quiet—frightfully so, had she been intelligent enough to see the danger signal. Then he said deliberately:

"I told you I'd blow your brains out if you let your hogs in my patch again. I'm going to keep my word. Here, Scipio, shoot that old hag! Quick, fool! before I brain you!"

"Fore God, colonel, I kint! O Lawd! Maussa, don't mek po' Scip shoot buckra same like 'possum! You kin shoot bes', colonel! Shoot, please, maussa! Let Scip go!"

The colonel saw crimson. Purple veins distended his temples; crimson veins swelled in his eyeballs; a Niagara of curses burst from his livid lips. His hand was raised with the gun pointed at the negro who groveled at his feet.

"Teddy!" cried the motionless woman, just as she would have said, "Teddy, dig some more 'taters!"

"Take it, you fool, or I'll shoot you! Shoot and be—"

"Teddy!" monotonously repeated the mother the second time.

Teddy had shuffled out, one hand grasping his sagging trousers, the other shading his fishy eyes from the noontide glare. In a flash he had seen more than living man can boast; for the swift bullet that pierced his mother's body had sped through his yokel heart. Together they fell on the rough flooring, he already seeing with eyes that were not of the flesh; and she, poor soul, doomed to a brief space of horror and pain—a sense of awful isolation and merciful oblivion at last.

The colonel turned stoically away, mindful to take his gun from Scipio's trembling hands. He gave neither look nor regret to the dead, nor yet to the death in life lying in a long, ghastly, straggling line along the porch and gaping passage. Scipio's slouch became grotesque as he followed his master home. Fear suggested flight; but the innate instinct of the former slave recognized that the colonel was his refuge and the arbiter of his fate. His ashen face expressed abject terror and the negro irresponsibility that leaves "consequences" to higher natures; for, even in his mortal panic, he felt that he and the gun had nothing to do with the murder. It was the colonel who had "gone off!" And the colonel was the biggest man in the county: twice as big as the sheriff and the jailor. The colonel would "fix it."

Within a few steps of home the colonel halted. Scipio shifted from one foot to the other, an ebony image of degradation and helplessness. The colonel was strangely touched by this silent appeal. "Scipio," he said kindly, almost tenderly, "there will be some talk about this, and I don't want you to get in trouble. You know the cane-brake; and if you don't get victuals enough, you know where to find more. You are welcome to all you can take of mine. But cane-brakes are not always safe. Travel on; better go when you can, than run when you must. You are too good a negro to waste on a hanging, and you have done nothing to deserve hanging,—only some peo-

ple are born fools and think they can carry things as they please! It is all right; you had it to do. Don't worry about it any more than I shall. I have no money; and money won't help you. Take my flask, though; you'll need that. And be off while the coast is clear."

"Thankee, colonel! I'll go. 'Tain' like I had a fambly. I kin git up an' git. No one ain' gwine find me. Goodby, colonel! Thankee kindly!"

The colonel gazed calmly at the retreating form of the lithe negro who swung lightly along the untraced path to the cane-brake. Fresh life had clearly been awakened in his irresponsible breast by the prospect of travel and new scenes unconnected with any prospect of toil.

Lorena came dancing from the house.

"Did you shoot the pigs, pa-a?"

"Yes; both."

"Why, there was lots of them, pa-a! Two ain't shakes to what's in the patch now!"

"The worst are done for; the rest don't matter," said the colonel, indifferently.

She caught the gun to relieve him of the burden. Quickly he held it above her grasp.

"Look out; you'll get hurt!"

"O pa-a! would you take me for a pig?" she laughed.

Echoing the laugh tenderly, he led her by the hand to the place where the gun habitually rested, and then to the frugal dinner she had prepared for his return.



Drawn by E. W. Kemble

"FORE GOD, COLONEL, I KINT!"

The disheveled chicken with the disjointed leg had grown weary of the social void in its haunts. There had been no implied invitation to potato peelings and hoe-cake crumbs. The land around was too poor to offer spontaneous hospitalities of attractive character. Chickie felt that an unwonted gloom had settled on its limited prospects. At best, life held no charms for her. "Cracker" chickens are so imbued with the shiftlessness and indolence of their owners that they speedily lose even the instinct of laying eggs. Poultry can hardly be said to be "cultivated" in such circles. No energy remains. Enough chickens to pick the casual worm from the neglected path, or clear the refuse from the family living-

rooms,—enough to spare for the hawks and the wild things that prowl in the night,—these amply content the modest aspirations of the "cracker." If they ever vary the monotony of bacon and corn-bread by an occasional ration of chicken, no stranger has yet witnessed the orgy.

The frowzy little pullet fluttered up from step to step, ever pausing for a remark from the mother and son who lay supinely motionless in the rays of the sinking sun. Within the compass of her chicken life, familiar as she was with their idleness, never had she known them to be as lazy as this. Clucking and peeping in a shrill falsetto, vainly she interrogated them as to their eccentricity. Bright eyes blinking, head askew, feathers apparently developed during a stiff gale which had impelled her ever forward, she circled around and around the twain in irritating inquiry. Suddenly, a satisfactory reply seemed vouchsafed. The raw dough of the hoe-cake still clung to the dead woman's hands. Going from the hearth to her death, there had been no thought of the toilet observances all too rare among "crackers." The chicken accepted the dough as an answer to prayer for enlightenment and sustenance. It solaced itself pecking the stiff, cold fingers clean of every trace of meal. While thus actively engaged a man passed by. Attracted by the extraordinary situation, he drew near the porch. To glance, to shudder, to fly was the work of half a minute. Nor had he run far when he met another "one gal-lus" man, hands in pocket, slouch hat drawn over his eyes, sauntering toward him.

"Bill! Teddy an' his ma-a is lyin' there dead. Murdered!"

The other nodded: "Knowed it sence noon. Been awaitin' to see who's goin' to tell on the colonel."

"The colonel! Did he do it?"

"N-o-o-o! Yes! Leastways, he made Scipio do the shootin'. I was outside the fence, an' I took keer to lay low. Jim an' Pete was along. They've done gone. Reckon I'll go, too."

"Well, we won' git our heads blowed off for tellin' on Scipio!"

"Tell an' be blowed, if you've a min' to. I'm goin' to min' my own business

an' git out! I ain' fool enough to stay here an' tackle the colonel."

"Bill! you won' leave 'em there, an' all these pigs an' things a-roamin' in the night?"

"Well, you go tell the sheriff, kin' er keerless like, he better ride out this way. He'll think it means whisky, an' he'll ride fast enough. I'm off for a run up the country." And even as he spoke he strode past the frightened man. The latter sauntered to town and intimidated to the sheriff that some interest might attend a ride out that road. The story was whispered as he went along. When the sheriff arrived in the fast-falling twilight, pine torches flared their banners of crimson and yellow and smoke over the dreary scene. Hemmed in by the living half circle, the faces of the dead seemed to mock and mow in answer to fearful comments and vain queries. Those who pressed too near, in their curiosity, or urged by eager neighbors, struggled back to place a barrier of life between themselves and the dead.

From his broad piazza, where he sat smoking and meditating on the events of the day, the colonel saw the fitful light and wavering forms so near. If any one wanted him they knew where to find him.

Presently the sheriff walked up the avenue and respectfully accosted him. The colonel received him as though this were his reception evening and the sheriff his first and most honored guest. The sheriff began painfully:

"Of course, colonel, it's all nonsense them fellows is talkin'; but you'll not think hard of me for askin' you—"

"Anything you like, sheriff! Take your time. Anything!"

The sheriff, with a gasp, seized the other horn of the dilemma: "They say, colonel, that Scipio killed Teddy and his ma-a yonder."

"Indeed!" said the colonel.

"Yes, sir; and I hope you don't min' our ketchin' an' hangin' him so close to your house, sir?"

"Oh! hang him, by all means, if you catch him!" said the colonel cordially.

"An' you won't take no offense, colonel? 'Most on your place; one of your hands, too! It's hard on me, colonel, to have to do things displeasin' to you! You know my duty—"

"No one knows better than I, sheriff! Do what you think best. Have a drink? Well! Here's to you sheriff!"

Drink was never far from the colonel's hand. It was only decorum with him to drink with any chance visitor, and any number of them, night or day. So with the glow of the corn whisky in their veins, he and the sheriff considerably told each other as little as the law required under the awkward circumstances. Each was ready to declare that the other was a "perfect gentleman," warranted to evince no conscientious scruples in critical moments. The colonel had merely sanctioned the lawful prosecution of Scipio,—if he could be found, and if guilt attached to him. The sheriff thanked him effusively and returned to the seething crowd around the two cadavers.

"Where's Scipio?" he called in a voice mellow with recent whisky.

Silence was only broken by the thick utterance of negro whispers. Again he called: "Come here, Scipio!"

A skinny old negress drew near.

"Law, maussa! Scipio done dead long time. 'Fo' freedom come."

"Who are you?" roared the sheriff.

"I Scipio ma-a! He ain't never live here, no how," she sturdily asserted. The black faces remained unshaken in their gravity. Some of the white men laughed aloud, even in the presence of death, at this astounding invention.

"We'll find him when we want him,"

said the sheriff curtly. "But first, we'll have an inquest. Any of you got an opinion about this here murder—if it is a murder?"

"No, sir!" "I ain't!" "'Taint no murder!" "Serve 'em right!" "Nuffin' but poo' white trash!" "Buckra." "Does de jury git pay same like de court-house?" These, simultaneously, from many voices.

"Well, all you who don't know and don't keer, step up an' form the jury."

"Mebbe dey is playin' 'possum," suggested a wary African.

"Dey's dead sure 'nuff!" replied another, stirring the old woman tentatively with his distorted shoe end.

"Who am dat say Scipio shoot 'em?"

There was an implied menace in this question which led to silence. No man cared to make himself responsible for the rumor in the face of unknown possibilities. White men stood stolidly;

negroes shifted restlessly, eager for a pretext for a row.

"If Scipio ain't here, an' no one ain't see him shoot, den Scipio ain't do it."

"Bress God! Dat so!" groaned the religious element.

"An' if Scipio ain't shoot, dey ain't shoot!" logically deducted an old ebon Solon.

"Amen! Dat so, Lawd! Black man, white man can't tell by de bullet who pull de trigger."

This audaciously irrelevant insinuation was greeted with a gasp of amazement.



Drawn by E. W. Kemble.

THE SHERIFF.

Mindful of late hospitalities, the sheriff was equal to the emergency.

"See here, Joe Saunders! an' you, Pompey; an' you fellows there! You ain't got nothin' to do with who did it, nor why it was done! That's none of your business; you've only got to say they were shot. The law does the rest."

On this simple basis, the jury was rapidly impaneled. As quickly the stereotyped verdict was formulated: "Came to their death by gunshot wounds inflicted by a person or persons unknown to the jury."

* * *

Time flies rapidly, even with those who chide its droning. But to Lorena, transformed into an ideal nymph of seventeen, time had brought no solace nor prosperity. She still roamed the woods, barefooted, driving cows which neither increased nor profited. Her father, her books, her sketches, these formed her world. Her drawing was inspired. She had no training, no theories to follow; she obtained results as the bird learns to sing, as the bee learns to make honey. On that plane, there was no room for improvement.

The colonel kept aloof from the world and sought no sympathy. But the girl's isolation weighed heavily upon him. Still more and more he resorted to the grave of his beloved wife, as though she could give him the help he dared not ask of heaven and would not ask of men. But he ever returned home bowed down by a burden that only increased with years.

Though he never spoke of it, whispers were afloat of a ghastly woman with a calico sunbonnet drawn over her eyes, who daily, in the gloaming, walked around the colonel's once beautiful home. It was not a pleasant topic; but there were those who averred that they had seen the gruesome vision. Under the seal of secrecy, scores likewise confessed that they, also, had met a woman in that peculiar guise, silent and intent on her mission. No one could question the colonel; but no one could doubt that he, also, was conscious of her presence. He never complained, whatever the mortal stress laid upon him. Year after year, he endeavored to wrest from the earth the re-

turn other men could so confidently expect,—always meeting with loss, or at best, a scanty return. And ever, in the twilight, as he sat on the wide piazza, while Lorena prepared the meager supper, his meditations were disturbed by the quiet apparition of a woman, who glided out of the surrounding shadows and came toward him. The form was the homely one so familiar to him in life. The routine never varied. Up to where he sat, then around and around the house—the face in the limp sunbonnet felt rather than seen. While he remained without, she walked her weary round; when he entered the library, she peered into each window as she passed. The monotonous tramp continued until he fled from the house. She never spoke. She seemed merely a typical "cracker," indifferent to surroundings, shielded by the calico sunbonnet that drooped over her eyes. Her face was ever turned on the colonel, though she uttered no word.

The colonel stoically accepted this as one of the incomprehensible hostilities with which an inscrutable fate had long pursued him. When the monotony became intolerable he withdrew from the piazza, where he had passed his evenings for a lifetime, and retreated to the library. But in the twilight within he still listened acutely for the familiar step on the crisp leaves or on the rain-soaked earth. He learned to shrink nervously from the faint sound and from the shadowy form that flitted past each window, the face with the unseen eyes always turned fixedly toward him. Finally, he learned to close the great shutters before sunset. It was unendurable suspense waiting for the unwelcome form that never failed to glide by. His ear, grown doubly acute, learned all that his eyes refused to look upon. So that his soul loathed life and chose rather strangling and death. He dreaded the day; but the night was still more awful. He would leave the house when Lorena slept, and walk all night, never resting, save when he could throw himself on his wife's grave. Earth held no other refuge for him. By and by, he intuitively understood that the woman in the sunbonnet was familiar to all who passed him by. No one dared tell him; yet he knew that she was so notorious that no one cared to pass his house after

sunset. He only grew more reticent and more lonely.

After some years of stoic endurance, the strain could no longer be borne. The colonel nailed the doors and windows of his ancestral home and abandoned the place to ruin. He moved to a poor cottage on the outskirts of a large village some miles away. Isolation was still their portion. Poor as they were, he would take almost nothing from his beloved home. The associations which he sought to escape were too closely entwined with all that house contained. Nameless treasures, ancient furniture that had survived the wreck of fortune—all were left to molder in the deserted house. Lorena made no protest. The books dearest to her he transferred to the cottage. One drawing, which revealed her singular genius, he carried away with him. This erratic sketch which so impressed him, long survived him. It remains a singular memento of the family history. He wanted no other token from that once happy home. His whole mind was absorbed by the one image he sought to flee—the ghastly woman in the sunbonnet. Remorse needed no external suggestion to feed the fire that ever burned in his heart.

Far from the home he loved, in this new and humble shelter, fate might well have sent some respite to the broken and deso-

late man. But a Nemesis who never relented stalked beside him when he fled from his past, and ruthlessly she scourged him to the bone. She was neither triumphant nor aggressive. She merely conveyed the impression that somewhere from the remote depths of that limp, calico cavern, her dead eyes were fixed on him. When he could endure no more,



Drawn by
E. W. Kemble.

THE GHOST.

the colonel stalked in grim despair to the grave of his wife, where the woman in the sunbonnet never came. Exhaustion always brought him merciful sleep on that desolate mound of earth. The villagers whispered of the new sentry-round followed by the silent woman who watched over the colonel in the gloaming.

Five years more of this unsought and undesirable companionship proved the limit of endurance for the colonel. The last time came for him as it comes for all. Whether, that night, the eyes finally gleamed from the depths of that shabby bonnet, or whether she had summoned him to confront them elsewhere, cannot be known. Only, the night came when he kissed Lorena with more than usual tenderness, and, as she left the room with the step of a young goddess, followed her with loving gaze. Presently he passed out of the cottage for the last time. He was not alone. He carried the gun which Scipio had so ably handled on that memorable day. And as he walked down the path, clutching the gun with an iron grip, the woman in the sunbonnet followed him. Where he went—what he felt—what he saw—remains untold.

It was Lorena who traced him to her mother's grave in the early morning. Often she had found him there, oblivious of all pain and sorrow, pillowed on the only refuge he had known in weary years. She caroled on her way, through field and woods, knowing where she would find him sleeping. The voice he so loved would awaken him with no startling consciousness of new torment to be faced.

Stooping over, the more gently to arouse him, she tripped on a gun lying by his side. With a stifled cry the girl fell on the still heart of the desolate suicide.

She did not long survive him; nor did she make her moan to heaven above or earth beneath. She held aloof, as ever, from the compassion that would gladly have encircled her. For a brief space, she roamed the woods and old haunts alone, Silent, now, she lived her life of isolation, refusing all proffer of companionship or sympathy. And one morning those who pitied her from afar found her lying at the foot of a slight precipice, her faultless face with its inscrutable smile turned to the sky. One beautiful arm was thrown

over her head; the dead hand grasped trailing vines and wild flowers that delicately traced a shrine around the exquisite form. There was no indication of struggle, no evidence of pain. Was it accident? Was it design? Did a demon force or did a spirit lure her to her doom? Who knows?

They carried her to the deserted cottage, and there they stood astounded before the sketch her father had loved best of all. It was hanging just over the couch where she lay in her final sleep. Years before, in her elfin girlhood, she had with unconscious and prophetic hand sketched her young divinity that was to be and its pathetic end.

The picture represented a girl in the dawn of womanhood, of rarest beauty, lying dead at the base of the crag they had just seen. The faultless arm was tossed upward, a long spray of vines and wild flowers had encircled the radiant sylph-like form. In awe-stricken whispers they noted every strange detail of the singular coincidence. Nor did any false sympathy murmur, "Would she could have tarried with us!" If ever a hope had crossed her piteous life, it could only have gleamed from the unknown beyond the grave.

Near a well-known town of to-day, the old ancestral residence of the colonel stands deserted and shunned. No one loiters near it or cares to fathom the mysteries within. The faded carpets and dusty furniture and books may still be discerned through the slats of the window-shutters which were so firmly nailed by the colonel, when he hoped to escape the memory of the past. What was once luxury, is now the haunt of uncanny things that scurry through the obscurity and decay. No one dares penetrate within the silent house. It is the haunt of the woman in the sunbonnet, keeping watch and ward over the phantom of her murderer. Only a soul as vacuous as hers, as idle and as lonely, would brave the lion in his den! Only the tranquil ghost of the woman in the sunbonnet would venture to encounter the shade of the colonel in that moldering house! To-day he is still shrinking, yet eagerly listening for the unfaltering footstep that hounded him to suicide.

JOSEPH THE DREAMER.

BY I. ZANGWILL.

I.

"WE must not wait longer, Rachel," said Manasseh in low, grave, but unfaltering accents. "Midnight approaches."

Rachel checked her sobs and assumed an attitude of reverence as her husband began to intone the benedictions, but her heart felt no religious joy in the remembrance of how the God of her fathers had saved them and their temple from Hellenic pollution. It was torn by anxiety as to the fate of her boy, her scholar son, unaccountably absent for the first time from the household ceremonies of the Feast of Dedication. What was he doing—outside the Ghetto gates—in that great, dark, narrow-meshed city of Rome, defying the papal law, and of all nights in the year on that sinister night when, by a coincidence of chronology, the Christian persecutor celebrated the birth of his Saviour? Through misty eyes she saw her husband's face, stern and rugged, yet made venerable by the flowing white of his locks and beard, as with the supernumerary taper he prepared to light the wax candles in the nine-branched candlestick of silver. He wore a long, hooded mantle reaching to the feet, and showing where it fell back in front a brown gabardine clasped by a girdle. These somber-colored robes were second-hand, as the austere simplicity of the pragmatic required. The Jewish Council of Sixty did not permit its subjects to ruffle it like the Romans of those days of purple pageantry. The young bloods, forbidden by Christendom to style themselves signori, were forbidden by Judea to vie with signori in luxury.

"Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God," chanted the old man. "King of the Universe, who hast sanctified us with Thy commandments, and commanded us to kindle the light of Chanukah."

It was with a quavering voice that Rachel joined in the ancient hymn that wound up the rite. "O Fortress, Rock of my salvation," the old woman sang. "Unto Thee it is becoming to give

praise; let my house of prayer be restored and I will there offer Thee thanksgivings; when Thou shalt have prepared a slaughter of the blaspheming foe, I will complete with song and psalm the dedication of the altar."

But her imagination was roving in the dim, oil-lit streets of the tenebrous city, striving for the clairvoyance of love. Arrest by the sbirri was certain; other dangers threatened. Brawls and bravos abounded. True, this city of Rome was safer than many another for its Jews, who, by a miracle, more undeniable than that which they were now celebrating, had from the birth of Christ dwelt in the very heart of Christendom, the Eternal People in the Eternal City. The Ghetto had witnessed no such sights as Barcelona, or Frankfort, or Prague. The bloody orgies of the Crusaders had raged far away from the Capital of the Cross. In England, in France, in Germany, the Jew, that scapegoat of the nations, had poisoned the wells and brought on the black death, had pierced the host, killed children for their blood, blasphemed the saints, and had done all that the imagination of defalcating debtors could suggest. But the Roman Jews were merely pestilent heretics. Perhaps it was the comparative poverty of the Ghetto that made its tragedy one of steady degradation rather than of fitful massacre. Nevertheless, bloodshed was not unknown, and the song died on Rachel's lips, though the sterner Manasseh still chanted on.

"The Grecians were gathered against me in the days of the Hasmoneans; they broke down the walls of my towers and defiled all the oils; but from one of the last remaining flasks a miracle was wrought for thy beloved; and the men of understanding appointed these eight days for songs and praises."

They were well-to-do people, and Rachel's dress betokened the limit of the luxury allowed by the pragmatic—a second-hand silk dress with a pin at the throat set with only a single pearl, a bracelet on one arm, a ring without a bezel on one finger, a single-stringed

necklace round her neck, her hair done in a cheap net.

She looked at the nine-branched candlestick and a mystical sadness filled her. Would she had nine scions of her house, like Miriam's mother, a true mother in Israel; but lo! she had only one candle—one little candle. A puff and it was gone, and life would be dark.

That Joseph was not in the Ghetto was certain. He would never have caused her such anxiety wilfully; and, indeed, she and her husband and Miriam had already run to all the likely places in the quarter, even to those marshy alleys where every overflow of the Tiber left deposits of malarious mud, where families harbored six in a house, where stunted men and wrinkled women slouched through the streets, and a sickly spawn of half-naked babies swarmed under the feet. They had had trouble enough, but never such a trouble as this, Manasseh and Rachel, with this queer offspring of theirs, this Joseph the Dreamer, as he had been nicknamed, this handsome, reckless, black-eyed son of theirs, with his fine, oval face, his delicate, olive features; this young man, who could not settle down to the restricted forms of commerce possible in the Ghetto, who was to be rabbi of the community one day, albeit his brilliance was occasionally dazzling to the sober tutors upon whom he flashed his sudden thought, which stirred up that which had better been left asleep. Why was he not as other sons, why did he pace the street with unobservant eyes, why did he weep over the profane Hebrew of the Spanish love-singers as if their songs were Selichoth, or penitential verses? Why did he not marry Miriam, as one could see the girl wished? Why did he set at naught the custom of the Ghetto, in silently refraining from so obvious a match between the children of two old friends, equally well-to-do, and both possessing the *Jus Gazzaga*, or leasehold of the houses in which they lived: tall, quaint houses, separated only by an ancient building with a carved porch, and standing at the end of the great *Via Rua*, where it adjoined the narrow, little street, *Delle Azzimelle*, in which the *Passover cakes* were made. Miriam's family, being large, had their house to themselves, but a good deal of Manasseh's was let out; for room

was more and more precious in the Ghetto, which was a fixed space for an ever-expanding population.

II.

They went to bed. Manasseh insisted upon that. They could not possibly expect Joseph till the morning. Accustomed as Rachel was to lean upon her husband's strength, at this moment his strength seemed harshness. The night was long. A hundred horrid visions passed before her sleepless eyes. The sun rose upon the Ghetto, striving to slip its rays between the high, close-pressed tops of opposite houses. The five Ghetto gates were thrown open, but Joseph did not come through any. The Jewish peddlers issued, adjusting their yellow hats, and pushing before them little barrows laden with special Christmas wares. "Heb, heb!" they shouted as they passed through the streets of Rome. Some sold simples, and philters, and amulets, in the shape of miniature mandores, or four-stringed lutes, to preserve children from maladies. Manasseh, his rugged countenance grown harder, went to his place of business. He had forbidden any inquiries to be made outside the pale till later in the day; it would be but to betray to the enemy Joseph's breach of the law. In the meantime, perhaps, the wanderer would return. Manasseh's establishment was in the *Piazza Giudea*. Numerous shops encumbered its approaches, mainly devoted to the sale of cast-off raiment, the traffic in new things being prohibited to Jews by papal bull, but anything second-hand might be had here, from the rough costume of a shepherd of Abruzzo to the faded fripperies of a gentleman of the court. In the center a new fountain with two dragons supplied the Ghetto with water from the *Aqueduct of Paul the Fifth*, in lieu of the loathly Tiber water, and bore a grateful Latin inscription. About the edges of the square a few buildings rose in dilapidated splendor to break the monotony of the Ghetto barracks; the ancient palace of the *Boccapaduli*, and a mansion with a high tower and three abandoned churches. A monumental but forbidding gate, closed at sundown, gave access to a second *Piazza Giudea*, where Christians congregated to bargain with



Drawn by T. de Thunstrup.

"'BLASPHEMER!' SHE CRIED, AN ASHEN GRAY OVERSPREADING HER FACE."

Jews—it was almost a suburb of the Ghetto. Manasseh had not far to go, for his end of the Via Rua debouched on the Piazza Giudea; the other end, after running parallel to the Via Pescheria and the river, bent suddenly near the Gate of Octavius, and finished on the bridge Quattro Capi. Such was the Ghetto at the end of the middle ages.

Soon after Manasseh had left the house, Miriam came in with anxious face to inquire if Joseph had returned. It was a beautiful Oriental face, in whose eyes brooded the light of love and pity, a face of the type which painters have given to the Madonna when they have remembered that the Holy Mother was a Jewess. She was clad in a simple woolen gown, without lace or broidery, her only ornament a silver bracelet. Rachel wept to tell her the lack of news, but Miriam did not join in her tears.

She besought her to be of good courage.

And very soon indeed Joseph appeared, with an expression at once haggard and ecstatic, his black hair and beard unkempt, his eyes glittering strangely in his flushed, olive face, a curious, poetic figure in his reddish-brown mantle and dark yellow cap.

"Pax vobiscum," he cried, in shrill, jubilant accents.

"Joseph, what drunken folly is this?" faltered Rachel.

"Gloria in altissimis Deo and peace on earth to all men of good will," persisted Joseph. "It is Christmas morning, mother." And he began to troll out the stave of a carol, "Simeon, that good saint of old—"

Rachel's hand was clapped rudely over her son's mouth. "Blasphemer!" she cried, an ashen gray overspreading her face.

Joseph gently removed her hand. "It is thou who blasphemest, mother," he cried. "Rejoice, rejoice, this day the dear Lord Christ was born—He who was to die for the sins of the world!"

Rachel burst into fresh tears. "Our boy is mad—our boy is mad! What have they done to him?" All her anticipations of horror were outpassed by this.

Pain shadowed the sweet silence of Miriam's face as she stood in the recess of the window.

"Mad! Oh, my mother, I am as one awakened. Rejoice, rejoice with me! Let us sink ourselves in the universal joy, let us be at one with the human race."

Rachel smiled tentatively through her tears. "Enough of this foolery," she said, pleadingly. "It is the Feast of Dedication, not of Lots. There needs no masquerading to-day."

"Joseph, what ails thee?" interposed the sweet voice of Miriam. "What hast thou done? Where hast thou been?"

"Art thou here, Miriam?" His eyes became conscious of her for the first time. "Would thou hadst been there with me!"

"Where?"

"At St. Peter's. Oh, the heavenly music!"

"At St. Peter's!" repeated Rachel, hoarsely. "Thou, my son Joseph, the student of God's Law, hast defiled thyself thus?"

"Nay, it is no defilement," interposed Miriam, soothingly. "Hast thou not told us how our fathers went to the Sistine Chapel on Sabbath afternoons?"

"Ay, but that was when Michael Angelo Buonarotti was painting his frescos of the deliverances of Israel. And they went likewise to see the figure of our Lawgiver in the pope's mausoleum. But it is the midnight mass that this epicurean has been to hear."

"Even so," said Joseph in dreamy undertones, "the midnight mass—incense, and lights, and the figures of saints, and wonderful painted windows, and a great multitude of weeping worshippers and music that wept with them, now shrill like the passionate cry of martyrs, now breathing the peace of the Holy Ghost."

"How didst thou dare show thyself in the cathedral?" whimpered Rachel.

"Who should dream of a Jew in the immense throng? Outside it was dark, within it was dim. I hid my face and wept. They looked at the cardinals in their splendid robes, at the pope, at the altar. Who had eyes for me?"

"But thy yellow cap, Joseph!"

"One wears not the cap in church, mother."

"Thou didst blasphemously bare thy head, and in worship?"

"I did not mean to worship, mother mine. A great curiosity drew me—I desired to see with my own eyes, and hear with mine own ears, this adoration of the Christ, at which my teachers scoff. But I was caught up in a mighty wave of organ music that surged from this low earth heavenward to break against the footstool of God in the crystal firmament. And suddenly I knew what my soul was pining for. I knew the meaning of that restless craving that has always devoured me, though I spake not thereof, those strange hauntings, those dim perceptions—in a flash I understood the secret of peace."

"And that is—Joseph?" asked Miriam gently, for Rachel drew such laboring breath she could not speak.

"Sacrifice," said Joseph softly, with rapt gaze. "To suffer, to give oneself freely to the world; to die to myself in delicious pain, like the last tremulous notes of the sweet boy-voice that had soared to God in the Magnificat. Oh, Miriam, if I could lead our brethren out of the Ghetto, if I could die to bring them happiness, to make them free sons of Rome."

"A goodly wish, my son, but to be fulfilled by God alone."

"Even so. Let us pray for faith. When we are Christians the gates of the Ghetto will fall."

"Christians!" echoed Rachel and Miriam in simultaneous horror.

"Ay, Christians," said Joseph, unflinchingly.

Rachel ran to the door and closed it more tightly. Her limbs shook. "Hush!" she breathed. "Let thy madness go no further. God of Abraham, suppose some one should overhear thee and carry thy talk to thy father." She began to wring her hands.

"Joseph, bethink thyself," pleaded

Miriam, stricken to the heart. "I am no scholar, I am only a woman. But thou—thou with thy learning—surely thou hast not been befooled by these jugglers with the sacred text. Surely thou art able to answer their word-twistings of our prophets?"

"Ah, Miriam," replied Joseph, tenderly. "Art thou, too, like our brethren? They do not understand. It is a question of the heart, not of texts. What is it I feel is the highest, divinest in me? Sacrifice! Wherefore He who was all sacrifice, all martyrdom, must be divine."

"Bandy not words with him, Miriam," cried his mother. "Oh, thou infidel, whom I have begotten for my sins. Why doth not heaven's fire blast thee as thou standest there?"

"Thou talkest of martyrdom, Joseph," cried Miriam, disregarding her. "It is we Jews who are martyrs, not the Christians. We are penned here like cattle. We are marked with shameful badges. Our Talmud is burnt. Our possessions are taxed away from us. We are barred from every reputable calling. We may not even bury our dead with honor or erect a stone over their graves." The passion in her face matched his. Her sweetness was exchanged for fire. She had the air of a Judith or a Jael.

"It is our own cowardice that invites the spittle, Miriam. Where is the spirit of the Maccabees whom we hymn on this Feast of Chanukah? The pope issues bulls, and we submit—outwardly. Our resistance is silent, sinuous. He ordains yellow hats; we wear yellow hats, but gradually the yellow darkens; it becomes orange, then ochre, till at last we go capped in red like so many cardinals, provoking the edict afresh. We are restricted to one synagogue. We have five for our different country folk, but we build them under one roof and call four of them schools."

"Hush, thou Jew-hater," cried his mother. "Say not such things aloud. My God! my God! how have I sinned before Thee!"

"What wouldst thou have, Joseph?" said Miriam. "One cannot argue with wolves. We are so few—we must meet them by cunning."

"Ah, but we set up to be God's witnesses, Miriam. Our creed is naught but

prayer-mumbling and pious mummeries. The Christian apostles went through the world testifying. Better a brief heroism than this long ignominy." He burst into sudden tears and sank into a chair overwrought.

Instantly his mother was at his side, bending down, her wet face to his.

"Thank heaven! thank heaven!" she sobbed. "The madness is over."

He did not answer her. He had no strength to argue more. There was a long, strained silence. Presently the mother asked:

"And where didst thou find shelter for the night?"

"At the palace of Annibale de' Franchi."

Miriam started. "The father of the beautiful Helena de' Franchi?" she asked.

"The same," said Joseph, flushing.

"And how camest thou to find protection there, in so noble a house, under the roof of a familiar of the pope?"

"Did I not tell thee, mother, how I did some slight service to his daughter at the last Carnival, when, adventuring herself masked among the crowd in the Corso, she was nigh trampled upon by the buf-faloes stampeding from the race-course?"

"Nay, I remember naught thereof," said Rachel, shaking her head. "But thou mindest me how these Christians make us race like the beasts."

He ignored the implied reproach.

"Signor de' Franchi would have done much for me," he went on. "But I only begged the run of his great library. Thou knowest how hard it is for me that the Christians deny us books. And there many a day have I sat reading till the vesper bell warned me that I must hasten back to the Ghetto."

"Ah! 'twas but to pervert thee."

"Nay, mother, we talked not of religion."

"And last night thou wast too absorbed in thy reading?" put in Miriam.

"That is how it came to pass, Miriam."

"But why did not Helena warn thee?"

This time it was Joseph that started. But he replied simply:

"We were reading in Tasso. She hath rare parts. Sometimes she renders Plato and Sophocles to me."

"And thou, our future rabbi, didst listen?" cried Rachel.

"There is no word of Christianity in these, mother, nor do they satisfy the soul. Wisely sang Jehudah Halevi, 'Go not near the Grecian wisdom.'"

"Didst thou sit near her at the mass?" inquired Miriam.

He turned his candid gaze toward her. "She did not go," he said.

Miriam made a sudden movement to the door.

"Now that thou art safe, Joseph, I have naught further to do here. God keep thee."

Her bosom heaved. She hurried out.

"Poor Miriam!" sighed Rachel. "She is a loving, trustworthy maiden. She will not breathe a whisper of thy blasphemies."

Joseph sprang from his seat as if galvanized.

"Not breathe a whisper! But, mother, I shall shout them from the housetops."

"Hush, hush!" breathed his mother in a frenzy of alarm. "The neighbors will hear thee."

"It is what I desire."

"Thy father may come in at any moment to know if thou art safe."

"I will go allay his anxiety."

"Nay." She caught him by the mantle. "I will not let thee go. Swear to me thou wilt spare him thy blasphemies, or he may strike thee dead at his feet."

"Wouldst thou have me lie to him? He must know what I have told thee."

"No, no; tell him thou wast shut out, that thou didst remain in hiding."

"Truth alone is great, mother. I go to bring him the truth."

He tore his garment from her grasp and rushed without.

She sat on the floor and rocked to and fro in an agony of apprehension. The leaden hours crept along. No one came, neither son nor husband. Terrible images of what was passing between them tortured her. Toward midday she rose and began mechanically preparing her husband's meal. At the precise minute of year-long habit he came. To her anxious eye his stern face seemed more pallid than usual, but it revealed nothing. He washed his hands in ritual silence, made the blessing, and drew chair to table. A hundred times the question hovered about Rachel's lips, but it was not till near the end of the meal that she ventured to say:

"Our son is back. Hast thou not seen him?"

"Son? What son? We have no son." He finished his meal.

III.

The scholarly apostle, thus disowned by his kith and kin, was eagerly welcomed by the Holy Church, the more warmly that he had come of his own inward grace and refused the tribute of annual crowns with which the popes often rewarded true religion—at the expense of the Ghetto, which had to pay these incomes to its recreants. It was the fashion to baptize converted Jews in batches—for the greater glory—procuring them from without when home-made catechumens were scarce, sometimes serving them up with a proselyte Turk. But in view of the importance of the accession, and likewise of the closeness of Epiphany, it was resolved to give Joseph ben Manasseh the honor of a solitary baptism. The intervening days he passed in a monastery, studying his new faith, unable to communicate with his parents or his fellow Jews, even had he or they wished. A cardinal's edict forbade him to return to the Ghetto, to eat, drink, sleep, or speak with his race during the period of probation; the whip, the cord, awaited its violation. By day Rachel and Miriam walked in the precincts of the monastery, hoping to catch sight of him; nearer than ninety cubits they durst not approach under pain of bastinado and exile. A word to him, a message that might have softened him, a plea that might have turned him back—and the offender was condemned to the galleys for life.

Epiphany arrived. A great concourse filled the Basilica di Latran. The pope himself was present, and amidst scarlet pomp and swelling music Joseph, thrilled to the depths of his being, received the sacraments. Annibale de' Franchi, whose proud surname was henceforth to be Joseph's, stood sponsor. The presiding cardinal in his solemn sermon congratulated the communicants on the miracle which had taken place under their very eyes, and then, attired in white satin, the neophyte was slowly driven through the streets of Rome that all might witness how a soul had been saved for the true



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

"HAST THOU THE STRENGTH FOR THE SERGE AND THE CORD?"

faith. And in the ecstasy of this union with the human brotherhood and the divine fatherhood, and with Christ, its symbol, Giuseppe de' Franchi saw not the dark, haggard faces of his brethren in the crowd, the hate that smoldered in their dusky eyes as the festal procession passed by. Nor while he knelt before crucifix and image that night, did he dream of that other ceremonial in the synagogue of the Place of the Temple, half-way from the river; a scene more impressive in its somberness than all the splendor of the church pageant.

The synagogue was a hidden building, indistinguishable externally from the neighboring houses; within, gold and silver glistened in the pomgranates and bells of the scrolls of the Law, or in the broidery of the curtain that covered the ark; the glass of one of the windows, blazing with a dozen colors for the twelve tribes, represented the Urim and the Thummim. In the courtyard stood a model of the ancient Temple of Jerusalem, furnished with marvelous detail, memorial of lost glories.

The Council of Sixty had spoken. Joseph ben Manasseh was to suffer the last extremity of the Jewish law. All Israel was called together to the Temple. An awful air of dread hung over the assemblage: in a silence as of the grave each man upheld a black torch that flared weirdly in the shadows of the synagogue. A ram's horn sounded shrill and terrible, and to its elemental music the anathema was launched, the appalling curse withdrawing every human right from the outlaw, living or dead, and the congregants, extinguishing their torches, cried "Amen." And in a spiritual darkness as black, Manasseh tottered home to sit with his wife on the floor and bewail the death of their Joseph, while a death-light glimmering faintly swam on a bowl of oil, and the prayers for the repose of the soul of the deceased rose passionately on the tainted Ghetto air. And Miriam, her Madonna-like face wet with hot tears, burnt the praying-shawl she was weaving in secret love for the man who might one day have loved her, and went to condole with the mourners, holding Rachel's rugged hand in those soft, sweet fingers that no lover would ever clasp.

But Rachel wept for her child, and would not be comforted.

IV.

Helena de' Franchi gave the news of the ban to Giuseppe de' Franchi. She had learnt it from one of her damsels, who had had it from Shloumi the Droll, a graceless, humorous rogue, steering betwixt Jews and Christians his shifty way to profit.

Giuseppe smiled a sweet smile that hovered on the brink of tears. "They know not what they do," he said.

"Thy parents mourn thee as dead."

"They mourn the dead Jew; the living Christian's love shall comfort them."

"But thou mayst not approach them, nor they thee."

"By faith are mountains moved; my spirit embraces theirs. We shall yet rejoice together in the light of the Saviour, for weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." His pale face gleamed with celestial radiance.

Helena surveyed him in wondering compassion. "Thou art strangely possessed, Ser Giuseppe," she said.

"It is not strange, Signora, it is all simple—like a child's thought," he said, meeting her limpid eyes with his profound, mystic gaze.

She was tall and fair, more like those Greek statues which the sculptors of her day imitated than like a Roman maiden. A simple dress of white silk revealed the beautiful curves of her figure. Through the great oriel window near which they stood the cold sunshine touched her hair and made spots of glory on the striped beast-skins that covered the floor, and on the hanging tapestries. The pictures and ivories, the manuscripts and the busts all contributed to make the apartment a harmonious setting for her noble figure. As he looked at her, he trembled.

"And what is thy life to be henceforward?" she asked.

"Surrender, sacrifice," he said, half in a whisper. "My parents are right. Joseph is dead. His will is God's, his heart is Christ's. There is no life for me but service."

"And whom wilt thou serve?"

"My brethren, signora."

"They reject thee."

"I do not reject them."

She was silent for a moment. Then more passionately she cried: "But, Ser Giuseppe, thou wilt achieve nothing. A hundred generations have failed to move them. The bulls of all the popes have left them stubborn."

"No one has tried love, signora."

"Thou wilt throw away thy life."

He smiled wistfully. "Thou forgettest I am dead."

"Thou art not dead—the sap is in thy veins. The springtime of the year comes. See how the sun shines already in the blue sky. Thou shalt not die—it is thine to be glad in the sun and in the fairness of things."

"The sunshine is but a symbol of the divine love, the pushing buds but prefigure the resurrection and the life."

"Thou dreamest, Giuseppe mio. Thou dreamest with those wonderful eyes of thine open. I do not understand this love of thine that turns from things earthly, that rends thy father's and mother's heart in twain."

His eyes filled with tears. "Pazienza! Earthly things are but as shadows that pass. It is thou that dreamest, signora. Dost thou not feel the transitoriness of it all—yea, even of this solid-seeming terrestrial plain and yon overhanging roof and the beautiful lights set therein for our passing pleasure? This sun which swims daily through the firmament is but a painted phantasm compared with the eternal rock of Christ's love."

"Thy words are tinkling cymbals to me, Ser Giuseppe."

"They are those of thy faith, signora."

"Nay, not of my faith," she cried, vehemently. "Thou knowest I am no Christian at heart. Nay, nor are any of our house, though they perceive it not. My father fasts at Lent, but it is the pagan Aristotle that nourishes his thought. Rome counts her beads and mumbles her paternosters, but she has outgrown the primitive faith of renunciation. Our pageants and processions, our splendid feasts, our gorgeous costumes, what have these to do with the pale Christ, whom thou wouldst foolishly emulate?"

"Then there is work for me to do, even among the Christians," he said, mildly.

"Nay, it is but mischief thou wouldst do, with thy passionless ghost of a creed.

It is the artists who have brought back joy to the world, who have perceived the soul of beauty in all things. And though they have feigned to paint the Holy Family, and the Crucifixion, and the Dead Christ, and the Last Supper, it is the loveliness of life that has inspired their art. Yea, even from the prayerful Giotto downward, it is the pride of life, it is the glory of the human form, it is the joy of color, it is the dignity of man, it is the adoration of the Muses. Ay, and have not our nobles had themselves painted as apostles, have they not intruded their faces into sacred scenes, have they not understood for what this religious art was a pretext? Is not Rome full of pagan art? Were not the Laocoon, and the Cleopatra, and the Venus placed in the very orange garden of the Vatican?"

"Nathless it is the Madonna and the Child that your painters have loved best to paint."

"'Tis but Venus and Cupid over again."

"Nay, these sneers belie the noble Signora de' Franchi. Thou canst not be blind to the divine aspiration that lay behind a Madonna of Sandro Botticelli."

"Thou hast not seen his frescos in the Villa Lemmi, outside Firenze, the dainty grace of his forms, the charming color, else thou wouldst understand that it was not spiritual beauty alone that his soul coveted."

"But Raffaello di Urbino, but Leonardo—"

"Leonardo!" she repeated. "Hast thou seen his Bacchus, or his battle-fresco? Knowest thou the later work of Raffaello? And what sayest thou to our Fra Lippo Lippi? A Christian monk he, forsooth! What sayest thou to Giorgione of Venice and his pupils, to this efflorescence of loveliness, to our statues and our builders, to our goldsmiths and musicians? Ah, we have rediscovered the secret of Greece. It is Homer that we love, it is Plato, it is the noble simplicity of Sophocles; our Dante lied when he said it was Virgil who was his guide. The poet of Mantua never led mortal to those dolorous regions. He sings of flocks and bees, of birds and running brooks, and the simple loves of shepherds; and we listen to him again and breathe the sweet country air, all the sweeter for the memory of those hell-

fumes which have poisoned life for centuries. Apollo is Lord, not Christ."

"It is Apollyon, who tempts Rome thus with the world and the flesh."

"Thou hast dethroned thy reason, Messere Giuseppe. Thou knowest these things dignify, not degrade our souls. Hast thou not thrilled with me at the fairness of a pictured face, at the glow of luminous color, at the white radiance of a statue?"

"I sinned if I loved beauty for itself alone, and—forgive me if I wound thee, lady—this worship of beauty is for the rich, the well-fed, the few. What of the poor and the down-trodden who weep in darkness? What comfort holds thy creed for such? All these wonders of the human hand and the human brain are as straws weighed against a pure heart, a righteous deed. The ages of art have always been the ages of abomination, signora. It is not in cunning but in simplicity that our Lord is revealed. Unless ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Heaven is here." Her eyes gleamed. Her bosom heaved. The fire of her glance passed to his. Her loveliness troubled him, the matchless face and form that blent now the purity of a statue with the warmth of living woman.

"Verily, where Christ is, Heaven is. Thou hast moved in such splendor of light, Signora de' Franchi, thou dost not realize thy privilege. But I, who have always walked in darkness, am as a blind man restored to sight. I was ambitious, lustful, torn by doubts and questionings; now I am bathed in the divine peace, all my questions answered, my riotous blood assuaged. Love, love, that is all; the surrender of one's will to the love that moves the sun and all the stars, as your Dante says. And sun and stars do but move to this end, signora—that human souls may be born and die to live in oneness with love. Oh, my brethren,"—he stretched out his arms yearningly, and his eyes and his voice were full of tears,—“why do ye haggle in the market-place? Why do ye lay up store of gold and silver? Why do ye chase the futile shadows of earthly joy? This, this is the true ecstasy, to give yourself up to God, all in all, to ask only to be the channel of His holy will."

Helena's face was full of a grave wonder; for a moment an answering light was reflected on it as though she yearned for the strange raptures she could not understand.

"All this is sheer folly. Thy brethren hear thee now as little as they will ever hear thee."

"I shall pray night and day that my lips may be touched with the sacred fire."

"Love, too, is a sacred fire. Dost thou purpose to live without that?" She drew nearer. Her breath stirred the black lock on his forehead. He moved back a pace, thrilling.

"I shall have divine love, signora."

"Thou art bent on becoming a Dominican?"

"I am fixed."

"The cloister will content thee?"

"It will be heaven."

"Ay, where there is no marrying nor giving in marriage. What Samson-creed is this that pulls down the pillars of human society?"

"Nay, marriage is in the scheme. 'Tis the symbol of a diviner union. But it is not for all men. It is not for those who symbolize divine things otherwise, who typify to their fellow-men the flesh crucified, the soul sublimed. It is not for priests."

"But thou art not a priest."

"'Tis a question of days. But were I even refused orders I should still remain celibate."

"Still remain celibate! Wherefore?"

"Because mine own people are cut off from me. And were I to marry a Christian, like so many Jewish converts, the power of my example would be lost. They would say of me, as they say of them, that it was not the light of Christ but a Christian maiden's eyes that dazzled and drew. They are hard; they do not believe in the possibility of a true conversion. Others have enriched themselves by apostasy, or, being rich, have avoided impoverishing mullets and taxes. But I have lost all my patrimony, and I will accept nothing. That is why I refused thy father's kind offices, the place in the Seal Office, or even the humbler position of mace-bearer to his holiness. When my brethren see, moreover, that I force from them no pension nor moneys, not even a white farthing, that I even preach to

them without wage, verily for the love of Heaven, as your idiom hath it, when they see that I live pure and lonely, then they will listen to me. Perchance their hearts will be touched and their eyes opened."

His face shone with wan radiance. That was, indeed, the want, he felt sure. No Jew had ever stood before his brethren an unimpeachable Christian, above suspicion, without fear, and without reproach. Oh, happy privilege to fill this apostolic rôle!

"But suppose—" Helena hesitated; then lifting her lovely eyes to meet his in fearless candor, "she whom you loved were no Christian?"

He trembled, clenching his hands to drive back the mad wave of earthly emotion that flooded him, as the tide swells to the moon, under the fervor of her eyes.

"I should kill my love all the same," he said, hoarsely. "The Jews are hard. They will not make fine distinctions. They know none but Jews and Christians."

"Methinks I see my father galloping up the street," said Helena, turning to the oriel window. "That should be his feather and his brown Turkey horse. But the sun dazzles my eyes! I will leave thee."

She passed to the door without looking at him. Then turning suddenly so that his own eyes were dazzled, she said:

"My heart is with thee whatsoever thou choosest. Only bethink thee well, ere thou donnest cowl and gown, that unlovely costume which, to speak after thine own pattern, symbolizes all that is unlovely. Addio!"

He followed her and took her hand, and, bending down, kissed it reverently. She did not withdraw it.

"Hast thou the strength for the serge and the cord, Giuseppe mio?" she asked softly.

He drew himself up, holding her hand in his.

"Yes," he said. "Thou shalt inspire me, Helena. The thought of thy radiant purity shall keep me pure and unfaltering."

A fathomless expression crossed Helena's face. She drew away her hand.

"I cannot inspire to death," she said. "I can only inspire to life."

He closed his eyes in ecstatic vision. "'Tis not death. He is the resurrection and the life," he murmured.

When he opened his eyes she was gone. He fell on his knees in a passion of prayer, in the agony of the crucifixion of the flesh.

V.

During his novitiate, before he had been admitted to monastic vows, he preached a trial "Sermon to the Jews" in a large oratory near the Ghetto. A church would have been contaminated by the presence of heretics, and even from the oratory any religious objects that lay about had been removed. There was a goodly array of fashionable Christians, resplendent in gold-fringed mantles and silk-ribboned hats; for he was rumored eloquent, and Annibale de' Franchi was there in pompous presidency. One Jew came—Shloumi the Droll, relying on his ability to wriggle out of the infraction of the ban, and earn a meal or two by reporting the proceedings to the *fattori* and the other dignitaries of the Ghetto, whose human curiosity might be safely counted upon. Shloumi was rich in devices. Had he not even for months flaunted a crimson cap in the eye of Christendom, and had he not when at last brought before the *caporioni*, pleaded that this was merely an ostensive sample of the hats he was selling, his true yellow hat being unintentionally hidden beneath. But Giuseppe de' Franchi rejoiced at the sight of him now.

"He is a gossip, he will scatter the seed," he thought.

Late in the afternoon of the next day the preacher was walking in the Via Lepida, near the Monastery of St. Dominic. There was a touch on his mantle. He turned. "Miriam!" he cried, shrinking back.

"Why shrinkest thou from me, Joseph?"

"Knowest thou not I am under the ban? Look, is not that a Jew yonder who regards us?"

"I care not. I have a word to say to thee."

"But thou wilt be accursed."

"I have a word to say to thee."

His eyes lit up. "Ah, thou believest!"

he cried exultantly. "Thou hast found grace."

"Nay, Joseph, that will never be. I love our fathers' faith. Methinks I have understood it better than thou, though I have not dived like thee into holy lore. It is by the heart alone that I understand."

"Then why dost thou come? Let us turn down here toward the convent. 'Tis quieter."

They left the busy street with its bustle of coaches, and water-carriers with their asses, and porters, and mounted nobles with trains of followers, and swash-buckling swordsmen, any of whom might have insulted Miriam, conspicuous by her beauty and by the square of yellow cloth, a palm and a half wide, set above her coiffure.

"Is it well with my parents?" he said, seeing her silent.

"Hast thou the face to ask? Thy mother weeps all day, save when thy father is at home. Then she makes herself as stony as he. He—a pillar of the synagogue!—thou hast brought down his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

He swallowed a sob. Then with something of his father's stoniness: "Suffering chastens, Miriam," he said. "It is God's weapon."

"Accuse not God of thy cruelty. I hate thee." She went on rapidly: "It is rumored in the Ghetto thou art to be a friar of St. Dominic. Shloumi the Droll brought the news."

"It is so, Miriam. I am to take the vows at once."

"But how canst thou become a priest? Thou lovest a woman."

He stopped in his walk, startled.

"What sayest thou, Miriam?"

"Nay, this is no time for denials. I know her. I know thy love for her. It is Helena de' Franchi."

He was white and agitated. "Nay, I love no woman."

"Thou lovest Helena."

"How knowest thou that?"

"I am a woman."

They walked on silently.

"And this is what thou camest to say?"

"Nay, this. Thou must marry her and be happy."

"I—I cannot, Miriam. Thou dost not understand."

"Not understand! I can read thee as thou readest the Law—without vowels. Thou thinkest we Jews will point the finger of scorn at thee, that we will say it was Helena thou didst love, not the Crucified One, that we will not listen to thy gospel."

"But is it not so?"

"It is so."

"Then—"

"But it will be so, do what thou wilt. Cut thyself into little pieces and we would not believe in thee or thy gospel. I alone have faith in thy sincerity, and to me thou art as one mad with overstudy. Joseph, thy dream is vain. The Jews hate thee. They call thee Haman. Willingly would they see thee hanged on a high tree. Thy memory will be an execration to the third and fourth generation. Thou wilt no more move them than the seven hills of Rome. They have stood too long."

"Ay, they have stood like stones. I will melt them. I will save them."

"Thou wilt destroy them. Save rather thyself—wed this woman and be happy."

He looked at her.

"Be happy," she repeated. "Do not throw away thy life for a vain shadow. Be happy. It is my last word to thee. Henceforth, as a true daughter of Judah, I obey the ban, and had I been a mother in Israel my children should be taught to hate thee even as I do. Peace be with thee!"

He caught at her gown. "Go not without my thanks, though I must reject thy counsel. To-morrow I am admitted into the Brotherhood of Righteousness." In the fading light his face shone weird and unearthly amid the raven hair. "But why didst thou risk thy good name to tell me thou hatest me?"

"Because I love thee. Farewell."

She sped away.

He stretched out his arms after her. His eyes were blind with mist. "Miriam, Miriam!" he cried. "Come back, thou, too, art a Christian! Come back, my sweet sister in Christ!"

A drunken Dominican lurched into his open arms.

VI.

The Jews would not come to hear Fra Giuseppe. All his impassioned spiritual-



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

"WHY DIDST THOU RISK THY GOOD NAME TO TELL ME THOU HATEST ME?"

ity was wasted on an audience of Christians and oft-converted converts. Baffled, he fell back on scholastic argumentation, but in vain did he turn the weapons of Talmudic dialectic against the Talmudists themselves. Not even his discovery by cabalistic calculations that the pope's name and office were predicted in the Old Testament availed to draw the Jews, and it was only in the streets that he came upon the scowling faces of his brethren.

For months he preached in patient sweetness, then one day, desperate and unstrung, he sought an interview with the pope, to petition that the Jews might be commanded to come to his sermons; he found the pontiff in bed, unwell, but chatting blithely with the bishop of Salamanca and the procurator of the exchequer, apparently of a droll mishap that had befallen the French legate. It was a pale, scholarly face that lay back on the white pillow under the purple skull-cap, but it was not devoid of the stronger lines of action, Giuseppe stood

timidly at the door, till the wardrobe-keeper, a gentleman of noble family, told him to advance. He moved forward reverently, and kneeling down kissed the pope's feet. Then he rose and proffered his request. But the ruler of Christendom frowned.

While Giuseppe de' Franchi was pleading desperately to a bored prelate, explaining how he could solve the Jewish question, how he could play upon his brethren as David upon the harp, if he could only get them under the spell of his voice, a gentleman of the bed-chamber brought in a refection on a silver tray, the preguste tasted of the food to ensure its freedom from poison, though it came from the papal kitchen, and at a sign from his holiness, Giuseppe had to stand aside. And ere the pope had finished there were other interruptions; the chief of his band of musicians came for instructions for the concert at his Ferragosto on the first of August; and—most vexatious of all—a couple of goldsmiths came with their work, and with rival models of a

button for the pontifical cope. And when one of the jewelers had been dismissed, laden with ducats by the pope's datary, the other remained an intolerable time, for it appeared his holiness was mightily pleased with his wax model, marveling how cunningly the artist had represented God the Father, in bas-relief, sitting in an easy attitude, and how elegantly he had set the fine edge of the biggest diamond exactly in the center. "Speed the work, my son," said his holiness, dismissing him at last, "for I would wear the button myself before I die." Then raising a beaming face, "Wouldst thou aught further with me, Fra Giuseppe? Ah, I recall! Thou yearnest to preach to thy stiff-necked kinsmen. Ebbene, 'tis a worthy ambition. Luigi, remember me to-morrow to issue a bull."

With sudden-streaming eyes the friar fell at the pontiff's feet again, kissing them and murmuring incoherent thanks. Then he bowed his way out, and hastened back joyfully to the convent.

The bull duly appeared. The Jews were to attend his next sermon. He awaited the Sabbath afternoon in a frenzy of spiritual ecstasy. He prepared a wonderful sermon. The Jews would not dare to disobey the edict. It was too definite. It could not be evaded. And their apathetic resistance never came till later, after an obedient start. The days passed. The bull had not been countermanded, although he was aware backstairs influence had been tried by the bankers of the community; it had not even been modified under the pretense of defining it, as was the manner of popes with too rigorous bulls. No, nothing could save the Jews from his sermon.

On the Thursday a plague broke out in the Ghetto; on the Friday a tenth of the population was dead. Another overflow of the Tiber had coöperated with the malarious effluvia of those congested alleys, those strictly limited houses swarming with multiplying broods. On the Saturday the gates of the Ghetto were officially closed. The plague was shut in. For three months the outcasts of humanity were pent in their pestiferous prison day and night to live or die as they chose. When at length the Ghetto was opened and disinfected, it was the dead, not the living, that were crowded.

VII

Joseph the Dreamer was half stunned by this second blow to his dreams. An earthly anxiety he would not avow to himself consumed him during the progress of the plague, which in spite of all efforts, escaped from the Ghetto, as if to punish those who had produced the conditions of its existence. But his anxiety was not for himself—it was for his mother and father, it was for the noble Miriam. When he was not in fearless attendance upon plague-stricken Christians, he walked near the city of the dead, whence no news could come. When at last he learnt that his dear ones were alive, another blow fell. The bull was still to be enforced, but the pope's ear was tenderer to the survivors. He respected their hatred of Fra Giuseppe, their protest that they would more willingly hear any other preacher. The duty was to be undertaken by his brother Dominicans in turn. Giuseppe alone was forbidden to preach. In vain he sought to approach his holiness; he was denied access. Thus began that strange institution, the Predica Coattiva, the forced sermon.

Every Sabbath after their own synagogue sermon, a third of the population of the Ghetto, including all children above the age of twelve, had to repair in turn to receive the antidote at the Church of San Benedetto Alla Regola, specially set apart for them, where a friar gave a true interpretation of the Old Testament portion read by their own cantor. His holiness, ever more considerate than his inferiors, had enjoined the preachers to avoid the names of Jesus and the Holy Virgin, so offensive to Jewish ears, or to pronounce them in low tones; but the spirit of these recommendations was forgotten by the occupants of the pulpit with a congregation at their mercy to bully and denounce with all the savage resources of rhetoric. Many Jews lagged reluctant on the road churchwards. A posse of police with whips drove them into the holy fold. This novel church procession of men, women, and children, grew to be one of the spectacles of Rome. A new pleasure had been invented for the mob. These compulsory services involved no small expense. By a refinement of humor the Jews had to pay for their own

conversion. Evasion of the sermon was impossible; a register placed at the door of the church kept account of the absentees, whom fine and imprisonment chastised. To keep this register a neophyte was needed, one who knew each individual personally and could expose substitutes. What better man than the new brother? In vain Giuseppe protested. The prior would not hearken. And so in lieu of offering the sublime spectacle of an unpaid apostleship, the powerless instigator of the mischief, bent over his desk, certified the identity of the listless arrivals by sidelong peeps, conscious that he was adding the pain of contact with an excommunicated Jew to the sufferings of his brethren, for whose Sabbath his writing pen was shamelessly expressing his contempt. Many a Sabbath he saw his father, a tragic, white-haired wreck, touched up with a playful whip to urge him faster toward the church door. It was Joseph whom that whip stung most. When the official who was charged to see that the congregants paid attention, and especially that they did not evade the sermon by slumber, stirred up Rachel with an iron rod, her unhappy son broke into a cold sweat. When, every third Sabbath, Miriam passed before his desk with steadfast eyes of scorn, he was in an ague, a fever of hot and cold. His only consolation was to see rows of devout faces listening for the first time in their life to the gospel. At least he had achieved something. Even Shloumi the Droll had grown regenerate; he listened to the preachers with sober reverence.

Joseph the Dreamer did not know that, adopting the whimsical device hit on by Shloumi, all these devout Jews had wadding stuffed deep into their ears.

But, meanwhile, in other pulpits Fra Giuseppe was gaining great fame. Christians came from far and near to hear him. He went about among the people and they grew to love him. He preached at executions, his black mantle and white scapulary were welcomed in loathsome dungeons, he absolved the dying, he exorcised demons. But there was one sinner he could not absolve, neither by hair-shirt nor flagellation, and that was himself. And there was one demon he could not exorcise—that in his own

breast, the tribulation of his own soul, bruising itself perpetually against the realities of life and as torn now by the shortcomings of Christendom as formerly by those of the Ghetto.

VIII.

It was the Carnival week again—the mad blaspheming week of revelry and devilry. The streets were rainbow with motley wear and thunderous with the roar and laughter of the crowd, recruited by a vast inflow of strangers. In such a season the Jews might well tremble, made over to the facetious Christian; always excellent whetstones for wit, they afforded peculiar diversion in Carnival times. On the first day a deputation of the chief Jews, including the three gonfaloniers and the rabbis, headed the senatorial cortege, and, attired in a party-colored costume of red and yellow, marched across the whole city, from the Place of the People to the Capitol, through a double fire of scurrilities. Arrived at the Capitol, the procession marched into the Hall of the Throne, where the three conservators and the prior of the caporioni sat on crimson velvet seats with the fiscal advocate of the Capitol in his black toga and velvet cap. The chief rabbi knelt upon the first step of the throne, and, bending his venerable head to the ground, pronounced a traditional formula: "Full of respect and of devotion for the Roman people, we, chiefs and rabbis of the humble Jewish community, present ourselves before the exalted throne of your eminences to offer them respectfully fidelity and homage in the name of our coreligionists, and to implore their benevolent commiseration. For us, we shall not fail to supplicate the Most High to accord peace and a long tranquillity to the sovereign pontiff, who reigns for the happiness of all; to the apostolic holy seat, as well as to your eminences, to the most illustrious Senate, and to the Roman people."

To which the chief of the conservators replied: "We accept with pleasure the homage of fidelity, of vassalage, and of respect, the expression of which you renew to-day in the name of the entire Jewish community, and, assured that you will respect the laws and orders of the Senate, and that you will pay, as in the

past, the tribute and the dues which are incumbent upon you, we accord you our protection in the hope that you will know how to make yourself worthy of it." Then, placing his foot upon the rabbi's neck, he cried: "Andate!" (Begone!)

Rising, the rabbi presented the conservators with a bouquet and a cup containing twenty crowns, and offered to decorate the platform of the senator on the Place of the People. And then the deputation passed again in its motley gear through the swarming streets of buffoons, through the avenue of scurrilities, to renew its hypocritical protestations before the throne of the senator.

Mock processions parodied this march of Jews. The fishmongers, who, from their proximity to the Ghetto, were aware of its customs, enriched the Carnival with divers other parodies; now it was a travesty of a rabbi's funeral, now a long cavalcade of Jews galloping upon asses, preceded by a mock rabbi on horseback, with his head to the steed's tail, which he grasped with one hand, while with the other he offered an imitation scroll of the Law, to the derision of the mob. Truly, the baiting of the Jew added rare spice to the fun of the Carnival; their hats were torn off, filth was thrown in their faces. This year the governor of Rome had interfered, forbidding anything to be thrown at them except fruit. A noble marquis won facetious fame by pelting them with pineapples. But it was not till the third day, after the asses and buffaloes had raced, that the Jews touched the extreme of indignity, for this was the day of the Jew races.

The morning dawned blue and cold; but soon the clouds gathered, and the jostling revelers scented with joy the prospects of rain. At the arch of San Lorenza, in Lucina, in the long street of the Via Corso, where doorways and casements, and roofs, and footways were agrin with faces, half a dozen Jews or so were assembled pell-mell. They had just been given a hearty meal, but they did not look grateful. Almost naked, save for a white cloak of the meagerest dimensions, comically indecent, covered with tinsel and decorated with laurels, they stood shivering, awaiting the command to "Go!" to run the gauntlet of all this

sinister crowd, overwelling with long-repressed venom, seething with taunts and lewdness. At last a mounted officer gave the word, and amid a colossal shout of glee from the mob, the half-naked, grotesque figures, with their strange, Oriental faces of sorrow, started at a wild run down the Corso. Fast, fast they flew, for the sooner the goal was reached the sooner would they find respite from this hail of sarcasm mixed with weightier stones, and these frequent proddings from the lively sticks of the bystanders, or of the fine folk obstructing the course in coaches in defiance of edict. And to accelerate their pace still further, the mounted officer, with a squad of soldiers armed cap-a-pie, galloped at their heels, ever threatening to ride them down. They ran, ran, puffing, panting, sweating, apoplectic; for to the end that they might nigh burst with stitches in the side had a brilliant organizer of the fête stuffed them full with preliminary meat. Oh, droll! oh, delicious! oh, rare for Antony! And now a young man noticeable by his emaciated face and his premature baldness was drawing to the front amid ironic cheers. When the grotesque racers had passed by, noble cavaliers displayed their dexterity at the quintain, and beautiful ladies at the casements—not masked, as in France, but radiantly revealed—changed their broad smiles to the subtler smiles of dalliance. And then suddenly the storm broke—happy ally of the fête—jocosely drenching the semi-nude runners. On, on they sped, breathless, blind, gasping, befouled by mud, and bruised by missiles, with the horses' hoofs grazing their heels; on, on, along the thousand yards of the endless course; on, on, sodden, and dripping, and stumbling. They were nearing the goal. They had already passed San Marco, the old goal, which had been replaced by the castle of San Angelo, to gratify a recent pope who desired to have the finish under his windows. The young Jew was still leading, but a fat old Jew pressed him close. The excitement of the crowd redoubled. A thousand mocking voices encouraged the rivals. The fat old Jew drew closer, anxious, now that he was come so far, to secure the thirty-six crowns that the prize might be sold for. But the favorite made a mighty spurt. He passed the window

where the pope sat, and the day was his. The firmament rang with laughter as the other candidates panted up. A great yell greeted the fall of the fat old man in the roadway, where he lay prostrate.

An official tendered the winner the pallio which was the prize—a piece of red Venetian cloth. The young Jew took it, surveying it with a strange, unfathomable gaze, but the judge interposed.

"The captain of the soldiers tells me they did not start fair at the arch. They must run again to-morrow." This was a favorite device for prolonging the fun. But the winner's eyes blazed ominously.

"Nay, but we started as balls shot from a falconet."

"Peace, peace; return him the pallio," whispered a racer behind him, tugging apprehensively at his one garment. "They always adjudge it again to the first winner." But the young man was reckless.

"Why did not the captain stop us then?" he asked.

"Keep thy tongue between thy dog's teeth," retorted the judge. "In any event the race must be run again, for the law ordains eight runners as a minimum."

"We are eight," replied the young Jew.

The judge glared at the rebel; then, striking each rueful object with a stick, he counted out, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!"

"Eight," persisted the young man, perceiving for the first time the old Jew on the ground behind him, and stooping to raise him.

"That creature! Basta! He does not count. He is drunk."

"Thou hell-begotten hound!" And, straightening himself suddenly, the young Jew drew a crucifix from within his cloak. "Thou art right!" he cried, in a voice of thunder. "There are only seven Jews, for I—I am no Jew. I am Fra Giuseppe!" And the crucifix whirled round, clearing a space of awe about him.

The judge cowered back in surprise and apprehension. The soldiers sat their horses in stony amazement, the seething crowd was stilled for a moment, struck to silent attention. The shower had ceased and a ray of watery sunlight glistened on the crucifix.

"In the name of Christ I denounce this

devil's mockery of the Lord's chosen people," thundered the Dominican. "Stand back all. Will no one bring this poor old man a cup of cold water?"

"Hasn't heaven given him enough cold water?" asked a jester in the crowd. But no one stirred.

"Then may you all burn eternally," said the friar. He bent down again and raised the old man's head tenderly. Then his face grew sterner and whiter. "He is dead," he said. "The Christ he denied receive him into His mercy." And he let the corpse fall gently back and closed the glassy eyes. The bystanders had a momentary thrill. Death had lent dignity even to the old Jew. He lay there, felled by an apoplectic stroke, due to the forced, heavy meal. The tinsel gleamed grotesquely on his white, sodden cloak, his naked legs rigid and cold. A wave of compunction traversed the spectators. But the judge recovered himself.

"Seize this recreant priest!" he cried. "He is a backslider. He has gone back to his people. He is become a Jew again—he shall be flayed alive."

"Back, in the name of Holy Church!" cried Fra Giuseppe, veering round to face the captain, who, however, had sat his horse without moving. "I am no Jew. I am as good a Christian as his holiness, who but just now sat at yon jalousie, feasting his eyes on these heathen Saturnalia."

"Then why didst thou race with the Jews? It is contamination. Thou hast defiled thy cloth."

"Nay; I wore not my cloth. Am I not half naked? Is this the cloth I should respect—this gaudy frippery which your citizens have made a target for filth and abuse?"

"Thou hast brought it on thyself," put in the captain, mildly. "Wherefore didst thou race with this pestilent people?"

The Dominican bowed his head. "It is my penance," he said, in tremulous tones. "I have sinned against my brethren. I have aggravated their griefs. Therefore would I be of them at the moment of their extremest humiliation, and that I might share their martyrdom did I beg his place from one of the runners. But penance is not all my motive."

And he lifted up his eyes and they blazed terribly, and his tones became again a thunder that rolled through the crowd and far down the Corso. "Ye who know me, faithful sons and daughters of Holy Church, ye who have so often listened to my voice, ye into whose houses I have brought the comfort of the Word, join with me now in ending the long martyrdom of the Jews, your brethren. It is by love, not hate, that Christ rules the world. I deemed that it would move your hearts to see me, whom I know ye love, covered with filth, which ye had never thrown had ye known me in this strange guise. But lo, this poor old man pleadeth more eloquently than I. His dead lips shake your souls. Go home; go home from this pagan mirth, and sit on the ground in sackcloth and ashes, and pray God He make you better Christians."

There was an uneasy stir in the crowd: the fantastic, mud-stained tinsel cloak, the bare legs of the speaker, did but add to his impressiveness; he seemed some strange, antique prophet, come from the far ends of the world and time.

"Be silent, blasphemer," said the judge. "The sports have the countenance of the holy father. Heaven itself hath cursed these stinking heretics. Pah!" He spurned the dead Jew with his foot. The friar's bosom swelled. His head was hot with blood.

"Not Heaven, but the pope hath cursed them," he retorted, vehemently. "Why doth he not banish them from his dominions? Nay; he knows how needful they are to the state. When he exiled them from all save the three cities of refuge, and when the Jewish merchants of the seaports of the East put our port of Ancona under a ban, so that we could not provision ourselves, did not his holiness hastily recall the Jews, confessing their value? Which being so, it is love we should offer them, not hatred and a hundred degrading edicts."

"Thou shalt burn in the Forum for this," spluttered the judge. "Who art thou to set thyself up against God's vicar?"

"He God's vicar? Nay, I am sooner God's vicar. God speaks through me."

His wan, emaciated face had grown rapt and shining; to the awed mob he loomed gigantic.

"This is treason and blasphemy. Arrest him!" cried the judge.

The friar faced the soldiers unflinchingly, though only the body of the old Jew divided him from their prancing horses.

"Nay," he said softly, and a sweet smile mingled with the mystery of his look, "God is with me. He has set this bulwark of death between you and my life. Ye will not fight under the banner of the Antichrist."

"Death to the renegade!" cried a voice in the crowd. "He calls the pope Antichrist."

"Ay, he who is not for us is against us. Is it for Christ that he rules Rome? Is it only the Jews whom he vexes? Has not his rage for power brought the enemy to the gates of Rome? Have not his companies of foreign auxiliaries flouted our citizens? Ye know how Rome has suffered through the machinations of his bastard son, with his swaggering troop of cutthroats. Is it for Christ that he has begotten this terror of our streets?"

"Down with Baccio Valori!" cried a stentorian voice, and a dozen enthusiastic throats echoed the shout.

"Ay, down with Baccio Valori!" cried the Dominican.

"Down with Baccio Valori!" repeated the ductile crowd, its holiday humor subtly passing into another form of recklessness. Some who loved the friar were genuinely worked upon, others in mad, vicious mood were ready for any diversion. A few, and these the loudest, were swashbucklers and cutpurses.

"Ay, but not Baccio Valori alone!" thundered Fra Giuseppe. "Down with all those bastard growths that flourish in the capital of Christendom! Down with all that hell-spawn, which is the denial of Christ; down with the Pardoner! God is no tradesman that he should chaffer for the forgiveness of sins. Still less—oh, blasphemy!—of sins undone. Our Lady wants none of your wax candles. It is a white heart, it is the flame of a pure soul that the Virgin Mother asks for. Away with your beads and mummeries, your paternosters and genuflections! Away with your Carnivals, your godless farewells to meat! Ye are all foul. This is no city of God; it is a city of hired bravos and adulterous abominations, and gluttonous feasts, and the lust



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

"IT WAS JOSEPH WHOM THAT WHIP STUNG THE MOST."

of the eye, and the pride of the flesh. Down with the foul-blooded cardinal, who gossips at the altar, and borrows money of the despised Jews for his secret sins! Down with the monk whose missal is Boccaccio! Down with God's viceroy, who traffics in cardinals' hats, who dare not take the eucharist without a pretaster, who is all absorbed in profane Greek texts, in cunning jewel-work, in political maneuvers and domestic intrigues, who comes caracoling in crimson and velvet upon his proud Neapolitan barb, with his bareheaded cardinals and his hundred glittering horsemen! He the representative of the meek Christ who rode upon an ass, and said, 'Sell all thou hast and distribute it unto the poor, and come follow me!' Nay," and the passion of righteousness tore his frame and thrall his listeners, "though he inhabit the Vatican, though a hundred gorgeous bishops abase themselves to kiss his toe, yet I proclaim here that he is a lie, a snare, a whited sepulcher, no protector of the poor, no loving father to the fatherless, no spiritual emperor, no vicar of Christ, but Antichrist himself."

"Down with Antichrist!" yelled a pair of Corsican cutthroats.

"Down with Antichrist!" roared the crowd, the long-suppressed hatred of the ruling power finding vent in a great wave of hysteric emotion.

"Captain, do thy duty!" cried the judge.

"Nay, but the friar speaks truth. Bear the old man away, Alessandro!"

"Is Rome demented? Haste for the City Guards, Jacopo!"

Fra Giuseppe swiftly tied the pallio to his crucifix, and, waving the red cloth on high, "This is the true flag of Christ!" he cried. "This, the symbol of our brethren's martyrdom! See, 'tis the color of the blood He shed for us. Who is for Jesus, follow me!"

"For Christ, for Jesus! Viva Gesù!" A far-rumbling thunder broke from the swaying mob. His own fire caught extra flame from theirs.

"Follow me! This day we will bear witness to Christ, we will establish His kingdom in Rome!"

There was a wild rush, the soldiers spurred their horses, people fell under their hoofs, and were trampled on. It

was a moment of frenzy. The Dominican ran on, waving the red pallio, his followers contagiously swollen at every by-street. Unchecked he reached the great Piazza, where a new statue of the pope gleamed white and majestic.

"Down with Antichrist!" shouted a cutpurse.

"Down with Antichrist!" echoed the mob.

The friar waved his hand and there was silence. He saw the yellow gleam of a Jew's head in the crowd, and called upon him to fling him his cap. It was hurled from hand to hand. Fra Giuseppe held it up in the air. "Men of Rome, sons of Holy Church, behold the contumelious mark we set upon our fellow-men, so that every ruffian may spit upon them. Behold the yellow—the color of shame, the stigma of women who traffic in their womanhood—with which we brand the venerable brows of rabbis and the heads of honorable merchants. Lo! I set it upon the head of this Antichrist, a symbol of our hate for all that is not love." And raising himself on the captain's stirrup, he crowned the statue with the yellow badge.

A great shout of derision rent the air. There was a multifarious tumult of savage voices.

"Down with Antichrist! Down with the pope! Down with Baccio Valori! Down with the Princess Theresa!"

But in another moment all was a wild melley. A company of City Guards—pikemen, musketeers, and horsemen with two-handed swords dashed into the Piazza from one street, the pope's troops from another. They charged the crowd. The soldiers of the revolting captain, revolting in their turn, wheeled round and drove back their followers. There was a babel of groans, and shrieks, and shouts, muskets rang out, daggers flashed, sword and pike rang against armor, sparks flew, smoke curled, stones hurtled in the air, and the mob broke and scurried down the narrow streets, leaving the wet scarlet ground strewn with bodies.

And long ere the roused passions of the riffraff had assuaged themselves by loot and outrage in the remoter streets, in the darkest dungeon of the Nona tower, on a piece of rotten mattress, huddled in his dripping, tinsel cloak, and bleeding from a dozen cuts, Joseph the Dreamer

lay prostrate, too exhausted from the fierce struggle with his captors to dread even the bites of the tarantulas that infested his mildewed, reeking cell, or to think on the stake that awaited him.

IX.

He had not long to wait. To give the crowd an execution was to crown the Carnival. Condemned criminals were often kept till Shrove Tuesday, and keen was the disappointment when there was only the whipping of courtezans caught masked. The whipping of a Jew, found badgeless, was the next best thing to the execution of a Christian, for the flagellator was paid double (at the cost of the culprit), and did not fail to double his zeal. But the execution of a Jew was the best of all. And that Fra Giuseppe was a Jew there could be no doubt. The only question was whether he was a backslider or a spy. In either case death was his due. And he had lampooned the pope to boot—in itself the unpardonable sin. The unpopular pontiff sagely spared the other rioters—the Jew alone was to die.

The population was early astir. In the Piazza of the People—the center of the Carnival—where the stake had been set up, a great crowd fought for coigns of vantage—a joyous, good-humored tussle, enlivened by grotesque incidents. Mock executioners, some with mask and ax, some with torches, lurched about in feigned drunkenness. The chief of the caporioni was present. Troops surrounded the stake lest, perchance, the madman might have followers who would yet attempt a rescue. But the precautions were superfluous, not a face that showed sympathy; those who, bewitched by the friar, had followed his crucifix and pallio, now exaggerated their jocosity, lest they should be recognized; the Jews were unfeignedly joyous at the heavenly vengeance which had overtaken the renegade.

The Dominican Jew was tied to the timber. They had dressed him in a gabardine and set the yellow cap on his shaven poll. Beneath it his face was calm, but very sad and drawn. He began to speak.

"Gag him!" cried the magistrate. "He is about to blaspheme again."

"Prithee not," pleaded a bully in the

crowd. "We shall lose the rascal's shrieks."

"Nay, fear not. I shall not blaspheme," said Joseph, smiling mournfully. "I do but confess my sin and my deserved punishment. I set out to walk in the footsteps of the Master—to win by love, to resist not evil. And lo, I have used force against my old brethren, the Jews, and force against my new brethren, the Christians. I have urged the pope against the Jews, I have urged the Christians against the pope. I have stirred up enmity; I have provoked bloodshed and outrage. It were better I had never been born. Christ receive me into His infinite mercy. May He forgive me as I forgive you!" He set his teeth and spake no more, an image of infinite despair.

The flames curled up. They began to writhe about his limbs, but drew no sound to vie with their crackling. But there was weeping heard in the crowd. And suddenly from the overcast heavens came a flash of lightning and a peal of thunder, followed by a violent shower of rain. To prolong the agony the oily tow and rags had been omitted. The flames were extinguished. The spring shower was as brief as it was violent, but the wood would not relight.

But the crowd was not thus to be cheated. At the order of the magistrate the executioner thrust a sword into the criminal's bowels, then, unbinding the body, let it fall upon the ground with a thud; it rolled over on its back, and lay still for a moment, the white, emaciated face staring at the sky. Then the executioner seized an ax and quartered the corpse. Some sickened and turned away, but the bulk remained gloating. And the zealots and the scum of Rome threw offal and orts over the blasphemer's body.

Then a Franciscan sprang on the cart, and from the bloody, ominous text patent to all eyes, passionately preached Christ, and dissolved the mob in tears.

X.

In the house of Manasseh, the father of Joseph, there were great rejoicings. Musicians had been hired to celebrate the death of the renegade as tradition demanded, and all that the pragmatic permitted of luxury was at hand. And they

danced, man with man, and woman with woman. Manasseh gravely handed fruits and wine to his guests, but the old mother danced frenziedly, a set smile on her wrinkled face, her whole frame shaken from moment to moment by peals of horrible laughter.

Miriam fled from the house to escape that laughter. She wandered outside the Ghetto, and found the spot of unconsecrated ground where the mangled remains of Joseph the Dreamer had been hastily shoveled. The heap of stones thrown by pious Jewish hands, to symbolize that by Old Testament law the renegade should have been stoned, revealed his grave. The late afternoon was fine after the storm, the setting sun shone in a golden flood. There was a feel of spring in the air; in the soil around the rude, stone-heaped mound the buds and wildflowers were peeping. Birds sang on the leafless boughs. The sunset was a purple glory. Great sobs swelled Miriam's throat. Her eyes were blind with tears that hid the beauty of the world. Presently she became aware of another bowed figure near hers,—a stately female figure,—and almost without looking knew it for Helena de' Franchi.

"I, too, loved him, Signora de' Franchi," she said simply.

"Art thou Miriam? He has spoken of thee." Helena's silvery voice was low and trembling.

"Ay, signora."

Helena's tears flowed unrestrainedly. "Alas! Alas! the Dreamer. He should have been happy—happy with me, happy in the fullness of human love, in the light of the sun, in the beauty of this fair world, in the joy of art, in the sweetness of music."

"Nay, signora, he was a Jew. He should have been happy with me, in the light of the Law, in the calm household life of prayer and study, of charity, and pity, and all good offices. I would have lit the Sabbath candles for him, and set our children on his knee that he might bless them. Alas! Alas! the Dreamer!"

"Neither of these fates was to be his, Miriam. Kiss me; let us comfort each other."

Their lips met and their tears mingled.

"Henceforth, Miriam, we are sisters."

"Sisters," sobbed Miriam.

They clung to each other, the noble pagan soul and the warm Jewish heart at one over the Christian's grave.

Suddenly bells began to ring in the city. Miriam started and disengaged herself.

"I must go," she said hurriedly.

"It is but Ave Maria," said Helena. "Thou hast no vespers to sing."

Miriam touched the yellow badge on her head. "Nay, but the gates will be closing, sister."

"Alas, I had forgotten. I had thought we might always be together henceforth. I will accompany thee so far as I may, sister."

They hastened from the lonely, unblest grave, holding each other's hands.

The shadows fell. It was almost dark by the time they reached the Ghetto.

Miriam had barely slipped in when the gates shut with a harsh clang, severing them through the long night.



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

THE DISCOVERY OF ALTRURIA.

NARRATIVE OF SIR ROBERT HARTON.

BETWEEN 1881 and 1892 I had expended my income and time in African exploration. Not being solicitous of fame for my labors, my work—of no great importance in its way—had been done without attracting the attention of the press. I mention this since the wide comment which has been made upon nearly all African exploration would make it seemingly impossible for any African traveler to be engaged for so many years in such work without coming under public notice.

Towards the close of 1892 I visited the United States, to look after some investments which had become involved by the panic then beginning to affect seriously many enterprises. After a hard day's work, I bought a copy of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* at the Brevoort House newsstand and, returning to my room, soon became interested in the experiences of the Altrurian Traveler, contributed to this magazine by Mr. W. D. Howells. When I had finished the instalment of the month, I found myself involuntarily thinking of the story I had heard told by an Arab chief one night in camp on the Upper Congo. The Arab, who had been a small sheik in his native country, but had for many years been employed by one explorer or another, believed that on the extreme headwaters there existed a people numbering more than twenty millions of souls, the frontiers of whose nation were kept guarded night and day, permitting no one to pass in or out.

The story told by the Arab was that his brother had succeeded in crossing the guard stations in disguise, while he remained in camp on the lower waters of the mountain stream which flowed out of this mysterious country. For more than three weeks he awaited his brother's return. One day a curiously shaped bottle came floating down the stream. Swimming out and bringing it safely to shore, he found that the bottle contained a piece of white cloth upon which his brother had written, telling of capture after penetrating the

country of a strange people, at once numerous and powerful. He had been arrested and condemned to life confinement. He advised the sheik not to seek to recover him, as the precautions were so complete that any attempt would certainly end in disaster, that his imprisonment, while secure, was not unpleasant, that he expected to be well treated, and that his only unhappiness was in parting forever from brother and family. The letter then went on to give an account of his surroundings, and, amongst other things, he wrote that poverty and its attendant evils were almost unknown to this people.

The Arab had been my guide and companion during so many months that it was impossible not to place the highest confidence in his sincerity. The many talks over our camp-fires stimulated my belief in the existence of such a people, as well as my curiosity to see them for myself. But upon returning to New York, I found that, through a series of misfortunes, my income from the American properties in which I had invested had been so seriously crippled as to be no longer sufficient to meet the expenses of further expeditions. Not desiring to abandon so fascinating a field, I had been resolving in my mind various questions as to the future, when the copy of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* came by chance into my hands.

After finishing Mr. Howells' chapter, I sat in reverie for some minutes. If half the Arab had written were true then there must be a real Altruria in existence: not a mythical land of dreams and idealisms, but a tangible, actual people, with carefully studied laws and an organization for the purposes of society perfected to the highest degree. What a thing it would be for the world at large if one could find this people and bring back their laws, customs, and the history of their evolution, so that less progressive peoples might benefit from such advanced civilization! *THE COSMOPOLITAN* had recently sent an expedition around the

NOTE.—In the December *COSMOPOLITAN* will be begun "A BRIEF HISTORY OF ALTRURIA," compiled at the capital of Altruria by Sir Robert Harton, under the direction and with the assistance of Mar-Nol-Fay, one of the governors of Virland, from the histories and records of that country.

world. Why should not this magazine be glad to send me, an explorer, to the interior of Africa upon a mission of this importance?

The next morning, the 25th of November, I called at the office of THE COSMOPOLITAN and sent in my card. While stopping over in London, a friend had been kind enough to offer me a letter of introduction to the editor, and I had accepted his courtesy without any distinct expectation of making use of it, knowing the many demands made upon the time of the average editor. It served me in good stead, and I received a cordial greeting. After a few common-places I referred to Mr. Howells' work and told the story of the Arab. I must say that it was received by the editor with some of that incredulity which grows upon people who see many visitors, and are compelled to listen to not a few improbable stories in the course of a year. But my earnestness turned the scale now, just as the conviction of the Arab had forced belief with me. My credentials were such as to leave no doubt as to my standing, and before I took my departure I had been invited to dine by THE COSMOPOLITAN's editor at his club on the following day. When I arrived at the club I found that my host was evidently in a less skeptical mood than at our first meeting and, to make a long story short, it was arranged that I should set out for Africa early in December, fully equipped to enter upon an expedition of two or three years' duration if necessary.

* * *

Four months after sailing from New York I found my Arab guide and hunter camped far up on the Congo, with a dozen well-trained and trusty fellows, five of whom had been with us on a previous expedition. The remainder were men picked up by him with care, selected for their good health, intelligence, and trustworthy qualities. I had communicated to my faithful Arab my desire to learn for myself whether the story taken from the bottle were really true, and he in turn was more than anxious to set out upon an expedition that promised not only to be full of exciting incident,

but possibly to restore to him his brother. He had formed a distinct outline of campaign, and, as we made our way up country, its details were carefully discussed until never was plan more complete or more entire in its every particular.

There could be little doubt that sentinels were continually kept on outpost duty on the frontiers of what I had come to call Altruria, and that when strangers arrived within dangerous limits they were met by a body of seeming savages and escorted back. No matter how large the party, they were always outnumbered and forced to retreat. It would, therefore, be useless to hope for any entrance except by stratagem, and the undertaking would be placed at great disadvantage if our party approached sufficiently near to make its presence known to these outposts.

Almost every stage of the journey was a difficult one, not unfrequently beset by vivid dangers, and on two occasions the escape from surroundings promising for a time to be overwhelming, was almost miraculous. Eight months were consumed in this way, until finally my guide announced one morning that, with nightfall, we should reach a camp which must be the end of our open progress. From that point on I must make my journey alone, by stealth, and hope to reach its end only by concealment so careful as to deceive a most vigilant guard.

Two or three days were now spent in rest and the final preparations. When in England, I had made a study of the most strengthening foods, prepared so as to occupy the smallest possible space, and a knapsack was packed containing a weight of twenty pounds, calculated to support life, if necessary, for more than a month. Besides this, I was supplied with the necessary arms, as well as a finely woven blanket, and a large square of dark silk waterproof cloth, similar to that used in the finest ladies' mackintoshes.

Setting out at nightfall and working my way cautiously up stream, I kept several miles north of the bed of the mountain river, resolving not to be seen by any one. As day dawned, I secured a supply of fresh water, and hid myself under a dense growth of bush. The next night

the same precautions were observed, and for more than a week I made substantial progress. Not daring to build fires, I subsisted entirely upon the contents of my knapsack, eked out by a few berries which I had been able to gather.

On the eighth day out, while lying concealed, I heard a creaking of leaves and branches, and in a moment more a tremendous hound, larger than a Great Dane, broke through the underbrush. I had barely drawn my revolver from its holster when he was upon me, and he had almost crushed the bones of my left arm before a bullet laid him dead with my arm still in his grasp. As hurriedly as possible with my wounded arm, I seized my knapsack and arms, and started to crawl through the underbrush. Before going fifty feet, I was surrounded by a party of savages clad and decorated after the fashion of that region of the Congo. The shouts and cries made me think for a moment that my end had come, but recovering some presence of mind, I quickly perceived that, excepting their attire and decorations, there was nothing very savage about my captors. Their skins were painted, and it soon became evident that they had no intention of killing me. Apparently they only wished to frighten. Having gotten possession of my arms, they placed me in the midst of the party and marched down stream for many miles. That night there was an effort made to work upon my fears, but I had by this time become entirely certain that these were men under disguise, and that they were the outposts of which I had heard. One of the party being sick was carried in a rough litter. Happening to be near him, just as night was closing in, I noticed in his breech-clout a small cylinder of paper which had evidently worked up from its pocket under the motion of the litter, and resolved upon its capture. As we were still traveling after the night had fairly set in, I soon found myself in a position where I would be safe from detection. Reaching stealthily into the litter,



SIR ROBERT HARTON.

before any one could observe my purpose, I secured the paper and concealed it in an inner pocket.

With senses on the alert, I studied carefully every feature and gesture. The language of the pretended savages was strange, but, nevertheless, contained many words which were English in sound. At the end of two days' march, one of the party, in a few broken sentences, told me that if I would travel back to the coast, I would be allowed to go unharmed, but any attempt to return up the river would be immediately met with death. They then dismissed me, and I made my way back as best I could. Before I arrived in camp my arm was in such thoroughly bad condition that weeks were required until the healing was complete.

Naturally my intention was not weakened by this failure of the first campaign. It seemed pretty certain that if I could succeed in passing the frontier, I should be well rewarded for any risk incurred. This impression was confirmed by an examination of the paper which had been taken from the litter. Upon it were written characters of no language with which I was familiar; but in addition to the writing there was a map of no mean order of drawing. Streams were distinctly shown, and peculiar lines, which

were evidently topographical representations of altitudes. There were others showing mountain paths and trails.

The clues contained in the map were quickly traced out, and a few days' advance enabled me to get my full bearings from it. With this key to the roads and trails of the frontier, I felt that I should be able to avoid the outposts with some certainty, and my conclusions proved correct. Twenty-five miles from the first town shown on the map, I was able to perceive from my hiding place, by the aid of a field-glass which I carried, a range of apparently impassable mountains. Along their base a palisade of broken rock rose in a sheer precipice. Only at one point was there a fissure, and through this came the stream, the course of which I had been following. The simplest reasoning showed that the natural entrance would be carefully guarded, and that unless some point could be found further north or south at which the ridge might be scaled, my hopes were at an end.

For half a day I lay on the edge of the undergrowth, carefully studying through my field-glass the mountain range which rose at a distance of a few miles from my post of observation. To the south there seemed to be one absolutely continuous wall, rising fully a thousand feet above the valley. To the north, about ten miles away, the wall seemed less regular, and in places a few stunted trees could be detected along its sides. I came to the conclusion that, with nightfall, it would be best to go to the north, travel not more than four or five miles before halting, and study again through my glass the features of this formidable barrier. The next day revealed nothing that seemed to promise and another night changed my position to a point several miles farther on. The crest of the low hills which I had been following at this point came up within a mile of the mountain, so that at daybreak I found myself at a point of decided vantage and was able to perceive distinctly every crevice. Off to the north the rock wall seemed to be straighter and higher than ever, but just opposite to where I lay, the broken front, with its scattering growth, to which I have already alluded, opened possibilities of scaling the heights.

As soon as darkness had settled down, I crept carefully across the valley, and,

filling my canteen with a fresh supply of water, began the slow ascent. A hundred times I followed seeming possibilities, only to find further progress absolutely barred. But many trials brought their advances, and before morning I had gained more than six hundred feet of height and lay safely ensconced behind a large boulder, so concealed that I could move at will without danger of being perceived, either from the rocks above or the valley below.

It is needless to recount the difficulties which presented themselves before the highest range of this mountain chain—more than nine thousand feet above the valley—was reached. But when the final step brought me to the summit, all fears and anxieties were instantly forgotten before the magnificent panorama which lay unrolled almost at my feet. The vast mountain park which had at one period been the bed of a lake, stretched away in endless distance, with a southern border fringed by a chain of snowy peaks that glinted and receded in alternating sunlight and shadow, until the eye was left in doubt whether it were reality or veritable fairyland. As I looked over the crest of the mountain, the sun from behind fleecy clouds fell in widely diverging rays, and a trifling haze which filled the atmosphere lent to the plain such a glorious splendor as to cause me almost to doubt its reality. Every acre of the land seemed covered with the greenest of vegetation. A thousand villages were the centers of agricultural and manufacturing life, while conspicuous in the distance rose two cities; and yet they seemed scarcely to be cities, but rather palaces, each covering two or three square miles, with courts, and lakes, and malls, and open spaces, the architecture of each city being a harmonious whole rising toward the center to great heights, but presenting none of that ragged, spasmodic, violently contrasting, and utterly incongruous architecture so familiar to the people of London and New York.

The walls of these palaces, under the slanting sunlight, took on hues of softest grays, and blues, and purples. It was such a scene as the eye could feast upon forever, every minute changing under the shifting shadows,—every moment displaying new wonders and beauties.



Drawn by Thomas Moran, from a sketch by Sir Robert Harton.

THE FIRST NIGHT'S CAMP ON THE MOUNTAIN.

The streams which poured down from the mountains toward the river seemed like threads of quicksilver, and, darting with bee-like quickness were an endless number of little cars, their tracks apportioned with mathematical exactness over the surface of the park.

Fascinated by the paradise beneath me, it was a long time before I returned to the practical problem of making my way to the larger of the two cities, which I rightly judged, as I afterward found, to be the capital of Virland. I knew nothing of the people. Neither their language nor

customs, not even their costume was familiar to me, for I felt sure that the guard in the outer territory purposely dressed to give the impression that they were savages of the tribes belonging to the Upper Congo.

It was evident that I could not make my appearance among this people without insuring instant arrest, and yet it was very necessary that I should reach one of the large cities before being apprehended. Descending the mountain as far as it seemed safe, I then awaited darkness, and finally ventured out on the plain.

The night was by good fortune overcast, and by midnight I was able to move in comparative security across the fields. Venturing under cover of the darkness toward a large outlying building, lighted here and there by electric lamps, I found its doors unguarded, and after carefully peering through a number of the windows to see if any one were on duty, I took the risk of entering. The building was a mill for grinding flour. At one end was a very large pneumatic tube for shipping the product to another point. It was evident that pneumatic carriage, which had been introduced in a small way in London, Berlin, Paris, and even Philadelphia, was here in full service for the transportation of freight. I will not undertake to describe the surprise which I felt at the many novel surroundings amongst which I found myself. Later on I hope to give a description of the mechanical devices and highly developed methods of transportation.

While intent upon the examination of some engravings which hung on the walls, I detected a sound on one of the upper floors and looked hastily about for a place of concealment. A row of pneumatic cylinders stood loaded on a side rail, apparently ready for despatch the first thing in the morning. Several others had not been filled. Slipping my knapsack from my shoulders, arranging it as a pillow, and hastily jumping into the car standing next the loaded ones, I closed the door, which locked automatically. This was accomplished not a moment too soon, for at the snap of the lock a man made his appearance. Through a crevice I could obtain a good view of him as he came forward to within a few feet of the cylinder in which I lay. He looked around curiously, evidently having heard the noise made by the quick closing of the door, and wondering whence it proceeded.

It suddenly occurred to me that I had placed myself in a position which involved either serious bodily jeopardy or immediate arrest. If I attracted attention so as to escape from my car, I would be forthwith taken into custody. If I remained in my present position I would be shot forward into an unknown space under a pressure that might be fatal to life, or to a destination of which

I knew nothing. I had no knowledge of the conditions which would accompany pneumatic transit, and it was but natural that I should feel considerable anxiety as to the outcome.

Nevertheless, as is often the case, especially when we reason about the affairs of another world, it seemed better to encounter the uncertain danger, than to face the immediate one. Presently, reasoning over the problem, I came to the conclusion that, very likely, the pneumatic tube would lead to one of the great cities, and that the chances of a mishap on the way were, after all, not great, and if I remained patiently where I was, my cylinder would probably be sent in the morning with the others through the tube to some great receiving warehouse at the capital.

The hours were long before there was any sign of life in the mill, and finally I dropped off into a doze. I was awakened by the sound of voices. The workmen had evidently arrived, but their language was in a tongue unknown to me. I could perceive that the cylinders adjoining mine were being loaded, and that the one in which I rested was evidently counted among those which had been filled the night before. Presently there was a slight click, the little line of railway on which the cylinders rested trembled slightly, and the foremost of the packages was shot into the opening. I counted "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven"—another cylinder shot into the opening—then a third was despatched, and a fourth. There were now but two cylinders between me and the pneumatic tube, and I had quick visions of boyhood days, of faces at home. Many recollections came vividly. But even if I had wished to escape, the time was now too short. The pneumatic lock clicked again. I felt my cylinder being pushed forward, and in a second more I knew that it was being carried through space with frightful velocity. Not many minutes, however, elapsed, before the motion gradually decreased, and with a sharp sound the cylinder passed out of the tube and came to a stop upon a double line of rails similar to that from which it had been started. Through the interstices of the car lid I could perceive that I was in a large storehouse, where a number of men were engaged in shifting the contents of pack-

Drawn by Thomas Moran, from sketches by Sir Robert Hutton. FIRST VIEW FROM THE BURNITT.



ages. Presently a crane was attached to both ends of my cylinder and I was swung over to a large table. A key was turned in the lock, and as the lid of the cylinder was thrown back an involuntary exclamation of surprise burst from the workman. Struggling to my feet, I quickly scrambled out, to the increased astonishment of those gathered about. I addressed myself to them in English, requesting to be taken to the city authorities. No one present seemed capable of understanding my words; but a messenger was sent off and, after a brief wait, there arrived an official who spoke English, but with such an accent as I had never even suspected the alphabet of suggesting.

It seemed that I had been sufficiently fortunate to arrive at the capital of Virland, and that the board of governors, in which was vested the authority of the state, was in session. My most sanguine hopes were thus more than realized. As I accompanied the official toward the executive offices, I found strange sights to engage attention on every hand. But my mission was growing in importance, and I felt sure that the result concerned not merely my own personal interests, but those of many human beings. It was evident that I was in the midst of a people of a superior civilization, whose experiments in government must prove of great value even to the most forward of European and American nations. It was not merely my own life which was at stake, but, in a measure, the happiness of millions of my fellow-countrymen, and as I went, I gathered courage to make a supreme effort in favor not only of life and liberty, but of being permitted to carry back with me such facts regarding Virland, its people, its history, and the present government, as might be of service to England and the people of two continents.

The administration building of the government proved to be a palace in the strictest sense of the word. Approached from a broad park, the structure rose in a series of terraces, each terrace forming a story of the main palace building, and rising one above the other in a succession of indescribably graceful forms until, at the height of nearly a thousand feet, four beautiful towers sprang up at the four

corners of a hanging garden which must have been fully an acre in extent. My guide offered me the choice of climbing the exterior staircases, or going up by elevator from the great central rotunda. I was in a poor mood to admire beauties of nature or architecture, no matter how wonderful, and so chose the latter. This rotunda proved to be nearly a quarter of a mile in diameter, and over its high ceiling rested the hanging garden to which I have already referred. The interior of the dome was broken by tiers of galleries alternating with stretches of daylight admitted through long glass windows which could be quickly removed in pleasant weather and automatically closed themselves at the approach of a storm. Numberless elevators, located around the dome, ascended, not perpendicularly, but on the lines of the dome's circumference, giving access either to the galleries or to the corridors of the executive offices which on every hand surrounded the rotunda. I found later on that this rotunda was the chief amusement and music hall of Virland—although numerous smaller ones were located in the various communities. It had seats for two hundred thousand people, and its acoustic properties were so perfect that a violin solo could be heard with equal distinctness from every seat. Twelve hundred feet in diameter, its immense size was more than counterbalanced by its peculiar proportions. One day the floor would be a green sward upon which took place the intercollegiate athletic contests. Another day a theatrical stage, so arranged as to disappear at the end of each act, the curtain being moved horizontally instead of vertically, was substituted for the greensward—a new stage with changed settings coming up just adjoining the spot where the first had disappeared.

Taking the nearest elevator, we shot rapidly upward until perhaps seven or eight hundred feet above the ground, where we alighted in a large corridor, down which we walked toward a perspective of Corinthian columns. I was escorted by my guide to an anteroom and left in charge of a secretary, while he went to lay my request for an audience before the board of governors. More than half an hour elapsed before my escort returned, some light refreshments having

been brought to me on a tray in the meanwhile, the attendant exhibiting great courtesy and in no way showing any curiosity. Finally the official returned and carried me with him to the council-room.

The human countenance represents keenly the passions which lie beneath. I have at all times found faces the most interesting of studies. I have frequently had occasion to meet men holding public office, not only in my own country, but in the United States and France. There is not much difference in the type of public man in the three countries. A good deal of vanity, a good deal of a certain quality of nerve, a good deal of confidence in his own ability, and just as much selfishness as is necessary to give a good stout kick to the ladder which has brought success; also, as a rule, a willingness to sacrifice the public interests in favor of private advantage. Shrewd, sharp, determined, and unscrupulous, by these qualities they have achieved success. As I entered the council-chamber, seven men of dignified mien rose easily and bowed in response to the introduction. The impression they made upon me was a very strong one. Perfect self-possession and corresponding dignity, a blending of firmness and courtesy, an utter absence of self-thought—these were the characteristics which impressed me. I felt at once that my fate was in the hands of men of high character, who would be guided by no other motives than those of public interest, and I gained courage accordingly.

In requesting me to state the object of my coming, they asked that I should speak very slowly and distinctly. It might thus be possible to dispense with the services of an interpreter, as all the members of the board of governors had studied my language, though none of them had ever heard it spoken by an Englishman. In fact, a modified form of English had been the language of Virland prior to 1870. As briefly as possible I reviewed the distressing conditions which prevail in so many countries of Europe, and even in the happiest of our civilizations as represented in England and America. I stated what I had heard of the reforms which a superior civilization had evolved in Virland, and that my trip had been undertaken with a view to

making a study of the laws and customs of their country, and of carrying back to my own land a report upon these advanced social conditions. Knowing very well that my return to England, if not my life itself, depended upon eloquence, I used every argument likely to appeal to their sense of humanity.

But when I had finished, the president of the board addressed me in no very promising terms. It had been a cardinal principle of their government since they arrived as colonists in 1642, to allow absolutely no intercourse of any kind whatsoever with other countries or peoples. The most unrelenting precautions had been taken to this end. It was the general belief that their very existence as a nation depended upon their keeping all knowledge regarding their state from the outer peoples. Any attempt to break this seclusion was the one capital offense known to their laws. If an intelligent man, such as I seemed to be, were permitted to remain alive after gaining a knowledge such as I had become possessed of, it would be a constant menace to the welfare of the people. If I had been ingenious enough to overcome the difficulties of entrance, I would doubtless be equally skilful in making my exit even from the closest confinement. Death seemed to be the only alternative. While they were opposed to the taking of human life, yet, in this case, where escape would place the happiness of millions in jeopardy, it would, undoubtedly, be necessary to conform with the strictest requirements of the law. Nevertheless, the action need not be hasty, and I would be placed under a close guard. I received assurances that final sentence would not be pronounced until at least a week had elapsed.

Looking around the table, I could perceive on all sides expressions of regret at my fate; at the same time this very pity was the surest sign that these intelligences were not to be diverted by any mere individual preference, and that the greatest good of the greatest number was, with them, the sole controlling motive.

Bowed from their presence, I was conducted to a large, well-lighted chamber of the palace. A guard of young men had already taken possession of the adjoining apartment, through the open door of which I could be kept constantly in view.

WHY SALT?

BY HERBERT B. TUTTLE.

HERBERT SPENCER says: "While majorities have usually been wrong, they have not been entirely wrong."

The majority of people use salt in their food. Why?

A piece of meat placed in salt water is preserved. An animal sealed in alcohol may be kept for all time.

What is preservation?

It is an arresting of that process known as decay, which is a disintegration of the highly complex compounds of which all organized matter is composed. These compounds owe their complexity to the structure of the ultimate particles, called molecules, which compose them. These molecules consist each of many united groups of atoms, groups which are called radicals.

The organic compound albumen, which exists in all the serous fluids of an animal body and forms the starting point of the tissues, is composed of molecules, each of which consists of over two hundred atoms of six different kinds, called carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, sulphur, and phosphorus,—all standing in a definite relation to one another, in groups which are also definitely related.

In the tissues of a living animal, highly complex groups of compound radicals are constantly losing their poise and falling asunder. They reach a point in their existence where the forces which held them together in a state of equilibrium are disturbed, and one radical breaks away from another, destroying the highly complex groups of which the tissue is composed, thus destroying the tissue itself, which is, however, replaced by newly-formed tissue as fast as the old is carried away by the circulatory system.

This constant destruction of tissue, which is uninterruptedly going on throughout the entire body, while viewed by itself alone is a process of decay or death, is relatively to the entire organism one of the processes of life. We live only by dying constantly.

Salt arrests decay, as evidenced by the beef that is kept in the brine. It in some way arrests the processes of disintegra-

tion, which, as we have seen, are in the living animal a necessary element of life. And if it be true that "salt preserves the decayed tissues," its use must be detrimental; for if tissues do not decay, they cannot be replaced. If they decay and are removed slowly, as the effect of the presence of a preservative, they must be replaced but slowly, in which case the animal must live at a lower ebb, by reason of the slow supply of the elements of vitality.

Again, if those tissues which have served their purpose and are ready to break up and float off through the various channels of effete exudation, be kept back by the action of a preservative, and the creation of new tissue still continues through a generous vital potency, the decaying tissues remaining after their time, and the new tissues building up beside them instead of by their displacement, the person grows stout by the retention of his past self, and the corpulency of an excessive user of alcoholic beverages who has plenty of native vitality is probably an example of this.

It is the law that the mineral kingdom cannot be raised to the animal without passing through the vegetable kingdom. Everywhere throughout nature we see plant-life deriving the material for its sustenance from the mineral world. Also, we see animals everywhere, directly or indirectly, deriving the material for their sustenance from various herbs and grasses. But nowhere do we see animals taking pulverized rock, or appropriating directly as food the mineral elements of the soil. It is true, there have been low types of humanity who have been clay-eaters, but clay contains some vegetal matter, and these people are not reported as having subsisted solely upon it.

The elements of food, which are oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, chlorine, potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, iron, sulphur, phosphorus, and fluorine, cannot be assimilated and converted into tissue, either separately or in mineral combination, but must first enter into

that higher, more unstable, and complexly-grouped combination, the preparation of which is the office of the vegetable world.

Professor Leconte says: "Now it is a remarkable fact, that there is a special force whose function it is to raise matter from each plane to the plane above, and to execute movements on the latter; thus it is the function of chemical affinity alone to raise matter from elements to the mineral kingdom, as well as to execute all the movements back and forth, or action and reaction; in a word, to produce all the phenomena in the mineral kingdom which constitute the science of chemistry. It is the prerogative of vegetable life-force alone to lift matter from the mineral kingdom, or chemical compounds to the vegetable kingdom, as well as to execute all the movements on that plane, which together constitute the science of vegetable physiology. It is the prerogative of the animal life-force alone to lift matter from the vegetable kingdom to the animal, and to preside over the movements on this plane, which together constitute the science of animal physiology. But there is no force in nature capable of raising matter at once from elementary existence to vegetable, or from the mineral kingdom to the animal, without stopping and receiving an accession of force of a different kind, on the intermediate plane. Plants cannot feed upon elements, but only on chemical compounds; animals cannot feed on minerals, but only on vegetables."

The fact that animals eat or seek salt, may not prove that they require it.

When we see some of our domesticated animals eating sugar or ice-cream with avidity, and drinking beer, or other purely artificial products, may we not as reasonably infer that the undomesticated animals lick the salt rock merely for its sweet, pleasant flavor, as to suppose them to be necessarily filling a natural requirement of their organization?

Some animals running wild, partake of the briny waters of salt springs several times in a year, but instinctive craving may extend as well to physics as foods; and would not the fact that these periodic visits are at long intervals, rather indicate that they are medicinal?

If we, with our superior knowledge and

intelligence, possess tastes in many ways perverted, why should we infer that a lower form of intelligence is free from any perversion?

Is not the thirst which salt-eating creates rather an implication of its too great intensity, which it is the effort of the system to reduce by dilution?

The human organism will gradually accommodate itself to a poison that is continuously introduced in small quantities, but is not this accommodation a readaptation to a lower plane of life by the denial of those conditions necessary for existence upon a higher? After a time, reaction against the poison ceases, just as a rubber-ball continuously struck in one spot loses its elasticity at that point. So any substance taken which acts as a poison at first, if it cease to so act, shows lost response to that particular kind of blow, or that lassitude has specifically replaced elasticity.

Instinctive craving may sometimes be inherited perversion.

Salt is found in all the tissues, but it also exists in all foods. Why add more? Why take it for granted that potassium chloride, calcium sulphate, and magnesium carbonate, are invariably present in proper quantities in food, and question the quantity of sodium chloride? Why is one ingredient always lacking, while every other is in its right proportion?

In Flint's "Text-book of Human Physiology," we find the following: "It has been shown that artificial fluids containing the organic matter of the gastric juice and the proper proportion of free acid, are endowed with all the digestive properties of the normal secretion from the stomach, and that these properties are rather impaired when an excess of its (gastric juice's) normal saline constituents is added, or when the relation of the salts to the water is disturbed by concentration."

"Boudault and Corvisart evaporated 6.76 oz. (200 c. c.) of the gastric juice of the dog to dryness, and added to the residue 1.69 oz. (50 c. c.) of water. They found that the fluid thus prepared, containing four times the normal proportion of saline constituents, did not possess, by any means, the energy of action on alimentary substances of the normal secretion."

Do not these experiments tend to show that more salts than are needful are harmful?

Farther along in the same work we find: "In all civilized countries salt is used extensively as a condiment, and it undoubtedly facilitates digestion by rendering the food more savory and increasing the flow of the digestive fluids."

Why should it be desirable to increase the flow of the digestive fluids?

In "Physiological Chemistry," by C. G. Lehmann, Volume I, we find:

"The habits of civilized life have elevated salt to the rank of a positive necessary, but we must by no means conclude from this circumstance that the salt contained in ordinary food is not sufficient for the support of the animal functions. A simple comparison of the quantity of salt contained in the animal body, with that which we are daily taking with the food, at once shows that we use more salt than is requisite."

"A glance at the results of the analyses of the ashes of plants is sufficient to show that the ordinary articles of vegetable food are perfectly sufficient to supply the necessary quantity of salt to the animal body."

On page 431 of the same work is the following:

"In 1000 parts of my own blood, in a normal state, I have found 4.138 parts of sodium chloride, and after the use of very salt food, which caused intense thirst, it amounted to 4.148; an hour after taking two ounces of salt, and having in the interval drunk about two quarts of water, the quantity was 4.181. Hence it seems to follow that the animal organism not only removes foreign substances with extraordinary rapidity, but that even useful substances, if they are in excess, are as rapidly as possible eliminated."

A slight disturbance at the seat of life may have pronounced influence at the periphery. Consider the effort of the system in repelling and expelling such enormous superfluities as the one here instanced. Does the rapidity of elimination measure the danger of retention?

Much importance was formerly attached to sodium chloride, under the mistaken idea that it was decomposed in the system, furnishing the hydrochloric acid of the gastric juice with its chlorin, and the

soda of the bile with its sodium. More recent authorities contradict this, and say that it enters, exists in, and leaves the system, as salt.

Let an inveterate salt-eater take only unsalted food for a month, and the true flavor of separate articles of food will for the first time then be revealed to him. Each food-stuff has a flavor of its own, but the addition of salt to every one tends to reduce all to one flavor. And so accustomed have we become to the salt flavor, that a lack thereof means no flavor.

Salt-eating being a fixed habit of the individual, and an inherited tendency as well, an attempt to stop it naturally meets with resistance, especially in an organism belonging to a race which for centuries has been accustoming itself to such use.

But the unpleasant feelings and symptoms that result from suddenly giving up the habit, may be made an argument against as well as for it; for the same is true of tobacco, whisky, and morphine habits.

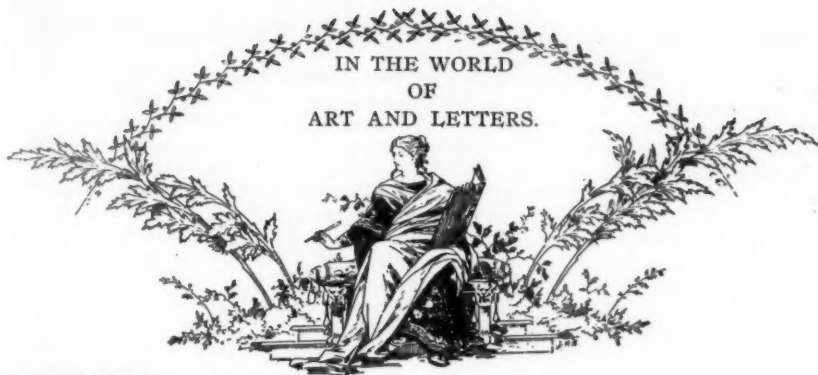
The simplest foods, as potatoes, bread, and milk, which are known to be wholesome, we can readily live without. The more savory, as meat and vegetables, we could less readily relinquish, and the highly seasoned and intense articles of questionable wholesomeness, when once habituated to their use, we come to regard as quite necessary and much less easily abandoned than the simple and ordinary.

As a general rule, what is hardest to give up is the most unwholesome. Among the simplest foods there is no one for which we cannot substitute some other, or we may at any time go without them all; none produce a craving and induce a habit. But coffee, tea, tobacco, whisky, salt—nothing can fill their place.

That an animal needs salt is settled, but that there is not sufficient salt in foods for all bodily requirements, and that more must be added, yet requires conclusive demonstration.

While scurvy may, perhaps, never have been traced unequivocally to profuse salt-eating, yet it is so often found in immediate relation with such continued habits of diet, that the question is raised whether, upon closer investigation, excessive salt-eating might not be found to be the cause of this grievous affliction.

IN THE WORLD
OF
ART AND LETTERS.



Lyre and Lancet, by F. Anstey.—The humorist has ever

a weary path to walk, but it must be acknowledged that Mr. Anstey steps bravely and quickly along to the inspiring sound of laughter. When, being mortal, he feels the need of relaxation, he writes an appallingly dismal novel like "The Pariah," without a ray of comfort in it from beginning to end; or a heart-breaking little story about a dog, whose unhappy fate haunts you miserably for years; or a scrap of concentrated tragedy like "Shut Out," which holds in its half-dozen pages all the impotent bitterness of life. Then, having relieved his own spirits and lowered those of his readers, he returns to sunnier ways, and confesses once more the crying need of humanity for diversion. With an admirable talent for devising absurd situations, and a facile deftness in reflecting the salient imbecilities of society, he has given us in "Lyre and Lancet" a piece of most acceptable nonsense, which, if it lacks the subtle flavor of Mr. Hope's "Dolly Dialogues," has, by way of compensation, a pleasing robustness of constitution. Its humor is of that undisguised order which he who runs can read, and its satiric strokes are dealt with a ready and unsparing hand.

The plot is a comedy of errors. A young poet who has written a volume of democratic and "deliciously decadent" verse is invited by Lady Culverin to her country-house, at the instigation of her imperious sister-in-law, the Countess of Cantire, who declares that only by conciliating the clever men who inflame the masses, can the rising tide of revolution be stemmed. Sir Rupert Culverin, while distinctly of the opinion that his sister might do the stemming herself, yields to the inevitable. The poet, who writes under a nom de plume, is invited through his publisher. His note of acceptance is promptly mislaid by Lady Culverin, and no one at Wyvern Court knows the real name of the genius who is about to descend upon them. Sir Rupert at the same time wires to London for a veterinary surgeon to come down and examine his wife's favorite mare. The surgeon, being ill, despatches his junior partner on the errand, and we have the situation complete. Through a series of impossible possibilities, which are far from fulfilling Balzac's requirements for incidents in fiction, the vet. is mistaken for the poet, and, to his unspeakable consternation, finds himself dining with his employer. The poet, morbid, vain, and ill at ease, is consigned to an attic room, and invited to sup with the housekeeper. A circumstance which facilitates this sad confusion is the fact that the poet's book is called "Andromeda," and that the horse-doctor is the proud possessor of a prize bull-dog, bearing the same classical designation. On this frail foundation is built a superstructure of spirited dialogue and amusing contretemps, which reach their climax when the unfortunate vet. is called upon to read aloud one of the weird and highly incomprehensible poems which he has not written. His frank bewilderment and disgust bring about a general

enlightenment, and, at his own earnest solicitation, he is at last permitted to escape from the unwelcome attentions of society.

Meanwhile, the real poet being unearthed from retirement, proves far less acceptable than his predecessor. None of the smart people gathered together at Wyvern Court have for a moment mistaken the surgeon for a gentleman; but they are all frankly delighted to find he knows so much about horses and dogs, and really important matters. He can tell Lady Rhoda how to feed her schipperke pup, and gives Captain Thicknesse some useful hints anent the coming races. They feel he is a man of sense and information, and talk to him with some degree of pleasure; but what are they to say to the poet, who gravely assures them that humanity is advancing by leaps and bounds; who sneers at gallant soldiers as grotesque and unnecessary anachronisms, and who informs his host that he trusts the time is not far distant when the spread of civilization will abolish every form of so-called sport. Lady Rhoda voices the sentiments of the whole party when she remarks that the mop-headed minstrel is a decided change for the worse; Lady Maisie is cruelly awakened from her romantic dreams; and only Miss Spelwane remains true to the lost cause of decadent verse. The verse itself is by no means the least clever part of this exceedingly clever little drama. Some of it, as for instance the four lines, "To my Lady," might pass unchallenged in the pages of the Yellow Book.

"Twine, lanken fingers lily-lithe,
Gleam, slanted eyes all beryl-green,
Pout, blood-red lips that burst awrithie,
Then—kiss me, Lady Grisoline!"

AGNES REPPLIER.



Sónya Kovalévsky.—A state of society in which three young ladies of good family can call upon a young professor whom they know only by reputation, and ask him, without embarrassment, if he will not kindly marry one of them, would seem to be incomprehensible, outside of Bedlam, or "Alice in Wonderland." Yet this was what the daughters of a Russian general did in the year 1868; and Duchess di Cajanello, the authoress of the present

memoir, assures us that they did not feel in the least humiliated at receiving a refusal. We learn that it was a very common thing among Russian ladies who desired the advantages of study at foreign universities to contract sham marriages with young men, who would then share their lodgings and act as their protectors during their sojourn abroad. It was such a relation Sónya and Aniuta Kovalévsky contemplated with the professor in question; and when he refused the honor, they promptly applied to another gentleman who proved more pliable. The sisters then began to migrate from one German university-town to another, and Sónya, who had a genius for mathematics, finally succeeded in obtaining her doctorate of philosophy at Berlin and Göttingen. Her sister, who aspired to become an authoress, formed a liaison with a French communist, and after having knocked about the world for some years, defying all conventional notions of propriety, returned to Russia and made a modest success as a writer of fiction.

"You may expel nature with a fork," says Horace, "but she will be sure to reassert herself." This is the reflection which continually urges itself upon the reader of the interesting memoir of the sisters Krukovsky. They were to be a law unto themselves. They exulted in the idea that they were to break all the shackles with which the centuries had crippled the free spirit of their sex. They despised a woman who married for love; and yet Sónya was forlorn and miserable, because that which she craved above everything was denied her; and Aniuta flung all other considerations to the winds when she believed that a really soul-satisfying relation was offered her. Sónya deceived herself with the notion that a man and a woman, nominally married, could live together under the same roof in a state of blissful platonic neutrality; and yet she tor-

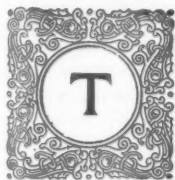
mented with her insatiable and passionate jealousy the man who took her at her word and offered her the very thing she professed to desire. "She wished to possess without being possessed," says her biographer. "I think this was to a great extent the origin of her life's tragedy."

There is no denying that tragedy is the right term for a career like that of Sónya Kovalévsky. Though her scientific attainments were considerable, and she achieved what no woman before her had ever achieved, viz., a university professorship in mathematics, she lacked entirely the spirit of disinterested devotion to scientific pursuits, and found apparently no satisfaction in scientific work. She could never accomplish anything unless she had the stimulus of some man's encouragement and admiration. In the midst of her occupation with mathematical problems she would be seized with a veritable frenzy for embroidery and fancy work, and she was subject to moods of the deepest melancholy, during which she sat brooding on fate, deploring the vacuity and futility of her existence. Why, instead of the dry husks of science, had not life offered her its sweet kernel—the only reality—a great, soul-absorbing passion? Yet, if we are to believe her biographer, when this great love came, and she was presented with the categorical choice between it and science, she dawdled and wavered, and finally chose what she professed not to value.

I cannot but think that her feminine vanity had much to do in determining this decision. She regarded herself as the pioneer of her sex in the ranks of university teachers, and to exchange this high distinction for the commonplace happiness of wedded life seemed to her little short of disgraceful. Yet, though she had the strength of mind to dash away the goblet which she was yearning to drain to the dregs, she repented of her heroism and sought constantly the society of the man "whom she could not live with and could not live without." Worn out by these perpetual pilgrimages and the wasting heart-hunger of their enforced separations, she returned to Sweden in January, 1891, only to die.

The charm of Sónya Kovalévsky's personality is her intense femininity. As a type of the restless, aspiring, modern woman who ignores the limitations of her sex, she is both interesting and instructive.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.



he Month in England.—The general election is reckoned unfavorable to literary pursuits, and so is the hot weather. Authors have ceased, for a while, to hold public dinners, and "proclaim the wonder of their birth."

Of books published, I need hardly mention "Bessie Costrell," and Mr. Shand's "Life of Sir Edward Hawley" awakens a controversy in which I am not impartial.

Mr. Courthope's first volume of an immense undertaking—a new "History of English Poetry"—is likely to be excelled in merit by its successors. Mr. Courthope and myself are at deadly feud (like Percy and Ritson of old) on the question of ballads, about Beowulf, and the Minstrels, and the Mabinogion, and matters of equal interest. Perhaps Mr. Courthope is too essentially civilized to appreciate these early essays of our national Muses, or I may need to remember Cromwell's appeal to the sectaries: "Brethren, in the bowels of Christ, believe it to be possible that you may be mistaken!" One quarrel is about the ballad of the "Queen's Marie." I think it should be dated about 1570: Mr. Courthope maintains the date of 1719. This theory (Sharpe's) has only been before the world for some ninety years, and is therefore absolutely new to the reviewers. Of course, it has a great ally in Mr. Child, and yet I dare to disbelieve! Mr. Courthope's chapter on Chaucer seems to myself to be remarkably lucid: I could wish it were longer.

Mr. John Hollingshed's "Memoirs" are full of most entertaining stories. I am not quite certain that we can say of him, as he quotes Mr. Gilbert about Hamlet, that he is "funny without being vulgar."

As to the future, I have been permitted to read proofs of Mr. Louis Stevenson's

Letters from Samoa to Mr. Polvin. If a reader does not care for Samoan manners and politics, here, at least, is the revelation of a charming character, modest, loyal, generous, brave; here is the account of a most singular life; here is (what many desire) a view of an author's methods, hopes, fears, and tribulations. Toward the close there is a touch of weariness, but there is no whining, no repining.

Mr. Stevenson's "Remains" appear to be South Sea Sketches (published in a rather unelaborated form in papers), a story of a French prisoner in England, named St. Ives, without the last chapters; "Weir of Hermiston," a border tale of Scott's own time (Scott appears in it, I believe—or is it in St. Ives?) This fragment is understood to be of the most singular merit. There are also Fables, which are being published in Longmans Magazine, and there are, I believe, the opening chapters of "The Young Chevalier," for which I was happy enough to provide the materials. There is a lonely lady on the road, rescued by His Royal Highness from a fire, and only too eager to reward her gallant protector. Probably there are other fragments, but these, at least, are authentic.

It is not a matter of English literature, but it is interesting to all, that Father Ayroles, S. J., has procured a transcript of a Venetian correspondence of 1429-1431, containing many reports about Joan of Arc's career. They could not have fallen into better hands. If I may mention my own "bonnes fortunes," I have obtained a transcript of Regnault Girard's unpublished account of his adventurous embassy to Scotland in 1434. He carried back our princess to marry the dauphin (Louis XI.), who was a very ill husband. Girard came very near discovering America, being blown toward your coasts by a tempest. His companion he calls "Cande." He means Sir Hugh Kennedy! The Relation is intended for the Roxburghe club, of which Mr. Lowell was a member: I fear he never contributed a book!

Mr. Gosse is editing a "series" on European national literature: he takes England for his province. I hope he is "sound" on ballads and Beowulf!

Messrs. Longmans have just produced The Badminton Magazine of sports, and, I hope, of natural history. We have a tale by Mr. Norris; Lady McPuresbury on salmon; Otis Mygatt on tarpon; and Mr. C. B. Fry on hard wickets. An article should be got from His Highness Ranjitsinhji, a Rajpoot cricketer, son of the Jam of somewhere. The vulgar call this gentleman "Ramsgate Jimmy;" he is the prettiest, and (under W. G.) the best gentleman player on ground.

In fiction, that fair Amazon, Hysteria (a collective heroic hamp), still rivals Penthesilea, and defies the Achilles of criticism. Mr. Mallock is also greatly guilty of "The Heart of Life," which, for second title, might have taken the name of an old play, "The Innocent Adultery." Yet I remain firm in my old attachment to the Decalogue, and St. Andrew's Rules.

ANDREW LANG.

Ten Books of the Month.

FICTION.—MR. RABBIT AT HOME, by Joel Chandler Harris. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.00.

A DAUGHTER OF THE TENEMENTS, by Edward W. Townsend. Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.75.

LILITH, by George Macdonald. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A MINISTER OF FRANCE, by Stanley J. Weyman. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

THE LITTLE HUGUENOT, by Max Pemberton. Dodd, Mead & Co. 75c.

THE MEN OF THE MOSS HAGS, by S. R. Crockett. Macmillan & Co.

THE HERITAGE OF THE KURTS, by Bjornstjerne Bjornson. Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.00.

THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS, by A. Conan Doyle. D. Appleton & Co. BIOGRAPHICAL.—M. STAMBULOFF, by A. Hulme Beaman. Frederic Warne & Co.

HISTORICAL.—CONSTANTINOPLE, by Edwin A. Grosvenor. Roberts Bros.

RELIGIOUS.—A STUDY OF DEATH, by Henry Mills Alden. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

SPORT.—SEA FISHING, by John Bickerdycke. Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.50.



gricultural Science.—The closing years of the nineteenth century naturally suggest a review of the progress in arts and sciences. We are all familiar with the magnificent advance in all material prosperity: the wonders of steam and electric power, the lessening of human toil by almost endless mechanical devices; but the progress in the practice of agriculture is not so generally known. By the aid of scientific investigation, the productive

capacity of the soil has been increased many fold, and the preparation of food materials from the products of the farm greatly widened. The cost of producing milk and butter, for instance, is now very much a matter of scientific supervision. The average yield per year may be doubled by proper handling and rational compounding of the foods used. The cattle feeding rations are regulated by the nutrients contained in their composition. Hay, oats, wheat-bran, etc., are no longer foods merely as such, but rather from the quantity of protein, fats, and carbohydrates they contain. It is possible to so adjust a ration for poultry feeding as to materially increase the number of eggs laid in the winter months when prices are highest—that is, when they are most in demand for the comfort of man.

Soil fertility is now largely recognized as a matter of supplying certain ingredients—combined nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash—to the soil, as same are removed in the process of crop harvesting. These three elements alone do not represent the sum total of plant foods, so to speak, but they do include those which the practice of agriculture has found most likely to become exhausted, to the detriment of economical production. It is not so much the mere quantity of these three elements supplied to the soil which maintains fertility, but their functions as complementary reagents in promoting the development and action of micro-organisms, in sustaining capillarity in periods of prolonged drought, etc. In 1890, the capital invested in the United States in the manufacture of commercial fertilizers amounted to \$40,594,168, and furnished employment to over 10,000 men. The output of fertilizers was about 1,250,000 tons, valued at \$39,180,844. In 1894, the output closely approached 2,000,000 tons, while the capital invested increased in a still greater proportion. Since the first artificial manures were made, in imitation of Peruvian guano, the popular idea of a chemical fertilizer has changed much, and it is now generally conceded that crops grown with clean, wholesome salts are in no way inferior to those grown by the old-style farm manures. In some instances, indeed, the chemical manures are considered the best, particularly in the case of celery, sweet potatoes, and tender early vegetables generally..

The consumption of artificial manures in Great Britain is more than twice as great per acre as in this country, and the results are a striking commentary on the economy of such farming methods. The average British crop production per acre is the greatest known in the world. The yield of wheat (per acre) is more than twice that of this country, more than three times that of India, and more than four times that of Russia. The economical value of commercial fertilizers is not due to any considerable advantage in the form of the manurial principles, pound for pound, but rather in the changed methods in farming operations it permits. It is a well-known maxim in agriculture that all drains upon the soil must be returned in kind. In the old days it was necessary to maintain an immense herd of live stock that the farm products should all be consumed on the farm itself, but even by this method the sale of cattle was a constant source of loss to the soil. The use of commercial fertilizers changes all this; potash and phosphoric acid are far cheaper in the form of crude salts than as hay and grain. The products of the farm may now be sold,—that is, a farm is no longer burdened with a disproportionate number of live stock. Chemical fertilizers are much cheaper to handle and apply to the soil. A fair estimate is that about eight tons of the best farm manure is approximately the equivalent of one ton of average commercial fertilizer. The cost of manipulating the former per ton is quite twice the cost of handling the latter. The economy in using the chemicals thus becomes a very plain matter.

SAMUEL PEACOCK.



Conformable Gold-Quartz Veins.—Many of the gold-quartz deposits of the Appalachians are layers of ore nearly or quite parallel with the layers of slate which form their walls. This fact has led to great differences of opinion as to the origin of the deposits, and several well-known observers have concluded that these auriferous quartz seams were sediments, deposited as strata at the bottom of a sea, such strata alternating with beds of weed which are now converted into slate. This view has found its way into some standard works, but it has not been the opinion of all observers. W. B. Rogers, in Virginia, and J. Campbell, in Nova Scotia, promptly objected to such an explanation of the phenomena, pointing out that the conformability between the quartz and the slate walls is only approximate in the instances known to them; so that the seams of quartz often break across from one cleavage-surface of the slate to an adjoining one, while small stringers of ore often pierce the walls of the gold-bearing deposits. Relations of this kind could not exist if the quartz were a true sediment, and they indicate that rupture and splitting of the country rock preceded the deposition of ore.

The fact appears to be that these quartz seams are approximately conformable not with the sedimentary bedding, but with the slaty cleavage which is caused by forcible deformation of the rock after its solidification, and is quite independent of bedding. Such cleavage may be induced in rocks of igneous origin as well as in sediments. Indeed, in some occurrences which have been cited in support of the supposed sedimentary origin of gold in the South, there are really no sedimentary wall-rocks present, but only slates derived from igneous masses; and a recent examination of the southern gold deposits has failed to disclose a single instance in which careful study did not afford evidence inconsistent with the hypothesis of auriferous quartz sediments.

The term "true vein" is usually applied only to those veins which cross the bedding or the schistose structure of a metalliferous region. This is bad terminology. A true vein should be defined as a deposit which occupies a real fissure, as distinguished from impregnations or local segregations in continuous rock, and such a fissure is more apt to follow the direction of easy cleavage than to cross it. In this sense the vein-like gold deposits of eastern North America are all true veins, so far as is yet known.

GEORGE F. BECKER.



The Artificial Production of Alcohol.—In referring to the new method of preparing acetylene, in the June number of this magazine, it was mentioned that the gas thus prepared might become the basis for building up other compounds, and that the main interest attaching to the first artificial production of acetylene was due to the probability of converting it into various other organic compounds, alcohol being one of these secondary products.

It is now reported that the new method of producing acetylene has led to a direct means of making alcohol of great purity, entirely free from fusel-oil and other products which accompany the alcohol from fermented sources.

A direct and continuous method of making alcohol from acetylene is recently given in *La Nature*, as follows: calcium carbide and scraps of zinc are placed in a suitable flask, which is connected by tubing with a second flask containing water mixed with sulphuric acid. A regulated stream of acidulated water is caused to flow from the second to the first flask, which, coming in contact with the carbide of calcium and zinc, liberates both acetylene and hydrogen. Those two gases immediately combine to form ethylene, which passes off by a tube leading from the top of the flask. This ethylene is conducted into a series of tubes and bulbs through which a stream of hot sulphuric acid is flowing. The reaction between the acid and the ethylene produces ethyl-sulphuric acid, which flows into a third flask containing water. This third flask is kept in a state of ebullition, which decomposes the ethyl-sulphuric acid into alcohol and sulphuric acid. The alcohol volatilizes with the water and is separated from it by virtue of the difference between their condensing points, the alcohol condensing in a separate refrigerator at a strength between ninety and ninety-six per cent.

By the process just described it is claimed by the authority above named that alcohol can be made at about seven cents a quart. It is also asserted by the same authority, that by using the electrolytic method for producing the necessary hydrogen, and by replacing the absorbing acid by a salt which has been found equally efficient, that the cost of alcohol of ninety-six per cent. may be reduced below five cents per quart, and such alcohol will be entirely free from other impurities than water.

With uncertainty still existing as to the ultimate cost at which calcium carbide will be produced, and with the limited data in regard to the conversion of acetylene into alcohol, it is not possible to accept the figures above quoted as definite, but the claim made shows that the artificial production of alcohol may become a question of great industrial importance.

S. E. TILLMAN.



Second Chapter of Helium.—Three months ago we recorded the exultation of astronomers over the identification of "Helium":—the "running to earth," as Lord Kelvin neatly expressed it, of the problematical element which makes itself so conspicuous in the spectrum of the solar prominences, and in many notable stars and nebulae, while keeping most furtively concealed on our own planet. For a time some justifiable skepticism as to

the validity of the identification remained, on the ground that a single line in the spectrum, even D_3 itself, could hardly give evidence sufficient to warrant a confident conclusion; but the lingering incredulity was soon dissipated when observers found in the spectrum of the new gas half a dozen other lines corresponding to certain lines in the prominence-spectrum which had remained hitherto unidentified, like D_3 itself, and had been supposed to have the same origin.

It was with something like consternation, therefore, that in June astronomers received the announcement from Runge, an eminent German spectroscopist, that, in the spectrum of the terrestrial gas, the line assumed to be identical with D_3 is *double*, and that unless D_3 itself is also double in the chromosphere spectrum the identification must be given up. Of course, the solar observers at once began to

study the line most carefully,—at first without success; but before the month closed a brilliant prominence made its appearance, and in its spectrum Professor Hale found the line double, just as it ought to be. The observation was difficult, but others, in fact all who had spectroscopes of sufficient power, soon confirmed it, so that now there can remain no possible doubt on the question of identity.

Since the date of our former note, Professor Ramsay has detected small quantities of helium in several other minerals besides the uraninites in which it was originally discovered. Its presence in meteoric iron is especially interesting, where it is found associated with the hydrogen and the various carbon gases which have long been known to be "occluded" in these celestial visitors.

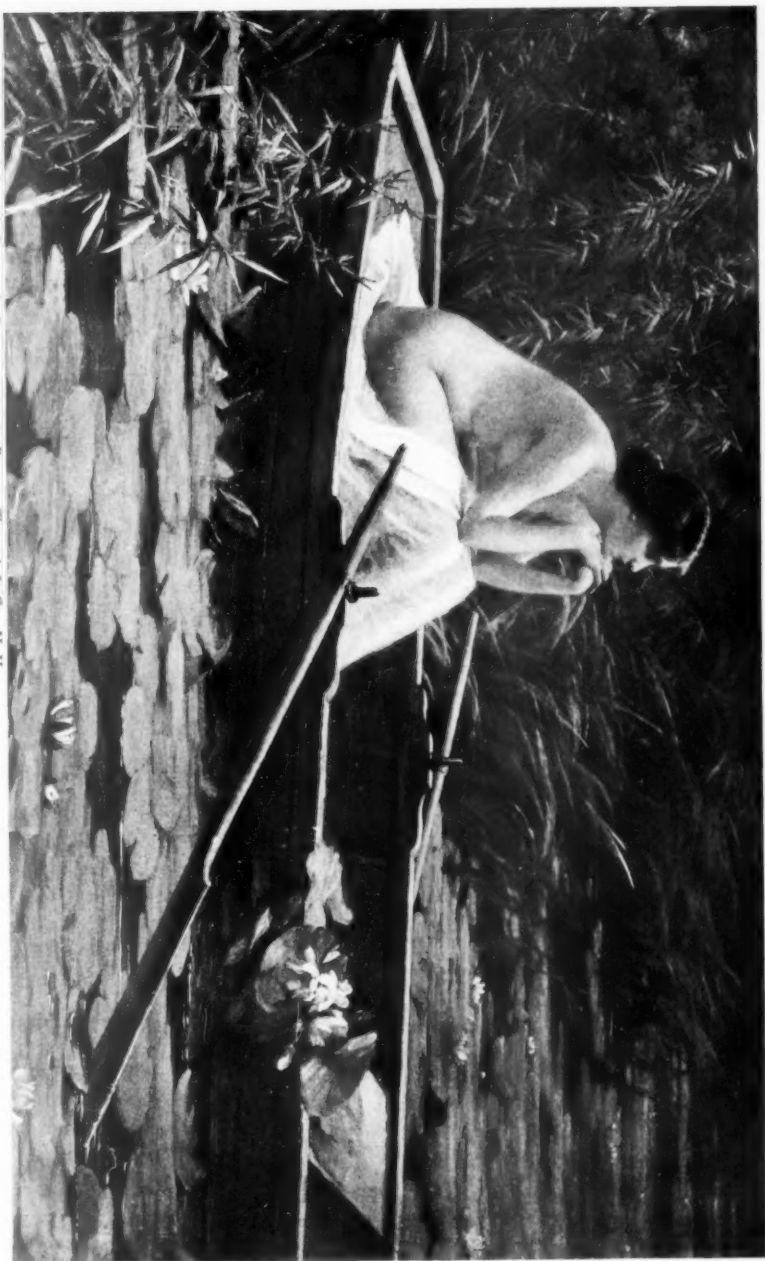
The new element turns out to be, next to hydrogen, the lightest of all known gases, its density being about one-seventh that of air, or two on the hydrogen scale, instead of four, as stated in our former note. Like hydrogen, it is never found free in our atmosphere; but unlike hydrogen, which in its combinations with oxygen and carbon is most abundant upon the earth, helium is extremely rare, and seems like its associate, argon, to be almost without chemical affinities. Certain apparent coincidences between lines in the spectrum of argon and of this terrestrial helium seem to Professor Ramsay to indicate either some third still unknown gas associated with argon and helium in the minerals from which they are obtained, or else some close and unexplained physical relation between the two.

C. A. YOUNG.



Medication by Electric Osmosis.—When a current of electricity is made to pass through a liquid, more or less decomposition of the latter takes place. If water be the liquid, oxygen is set free at the positive plate, that is, the surface from which the current enters the water, and hydrogen is set free at the negative plate. If the liquid be a solution of copper, silver, gold, or other metal, the metal is deposited upon the surface toward which the current flows. Every molecule is pushed to that surface and compelled to part with its metallic atom, so that the solution is robbed of its metallic part. If the surface from which the current enters the solution be a plate of the same metal as that dissolved in the liquid, as much is dissolved into the solution as is deposited upon the other plate, and thus the liquid is kept saturated with the metal. The changing of the constituents of the molecules is called electrolysis, and the deposition of the metal upon the negative plate is called electroplating. There is no evidence of chemical decomposition anywhere except at the terminal plates, but there is evidence of a physical push in the liquid in the direction in which the current moves. This push may be seen in galvanic cells with two fluids, if one of them be contained in a porous jar, through which diffusion can go on. The liquid stands appreciably higher in the part which holds the carbon, the platinum, or other negative elements. In large cells it may be as much as an inch higher when strong currents are passing. This electrical pushing in liquids which results in diffusion at a more rapid rate in the direction of the current is called electrical osmosis. It has lately been successfully applied in dentistry and for therapeutic purposes. Discoloration of the skin, of the teeth, and even the blackened enamel of teeth yield to the bleaching process when applied in this way. The decolorizer is placed upon the surface needing treatment and a current of proper strength and direction diffuses it into the tissues without decomposition, where it acts as if in direct contact upon the surface. This ability of an electric current to direct and bodily move chemical solutions into the tissues without puncturing or in any way injuring the skin, there to do their therapeutic work, is really of great consequence, and in skilful hands promises to be an important means of reaching and treating ailments otherwise inaccessible.

A. E. DOLBEAR.



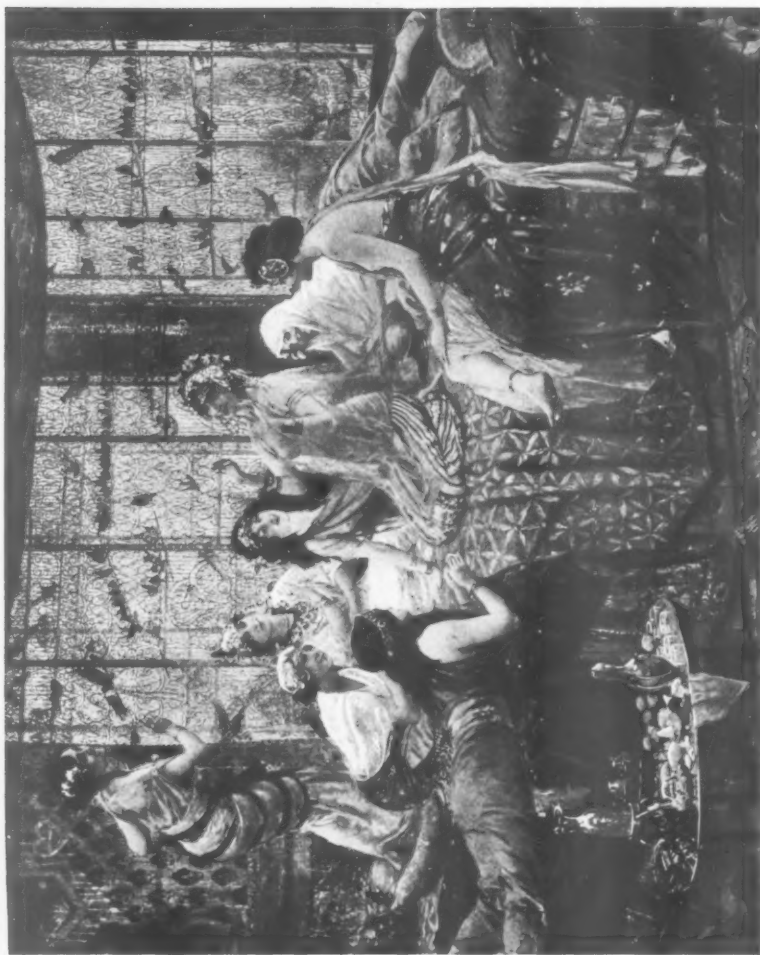
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"A WATER-LILY," BY J. FONGHIER.



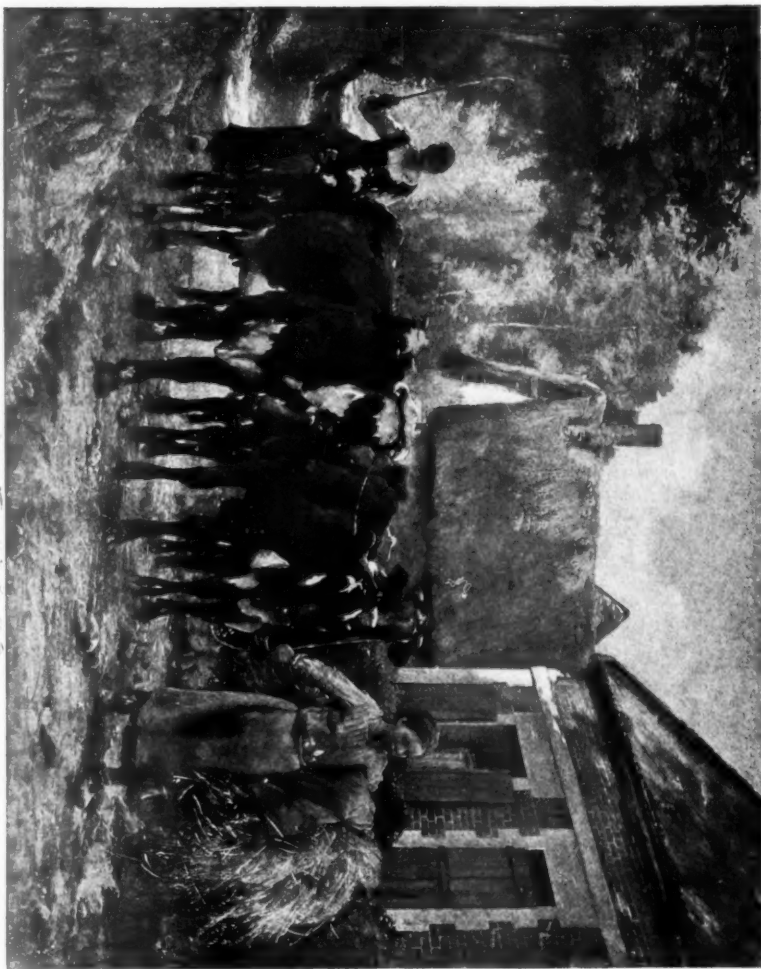
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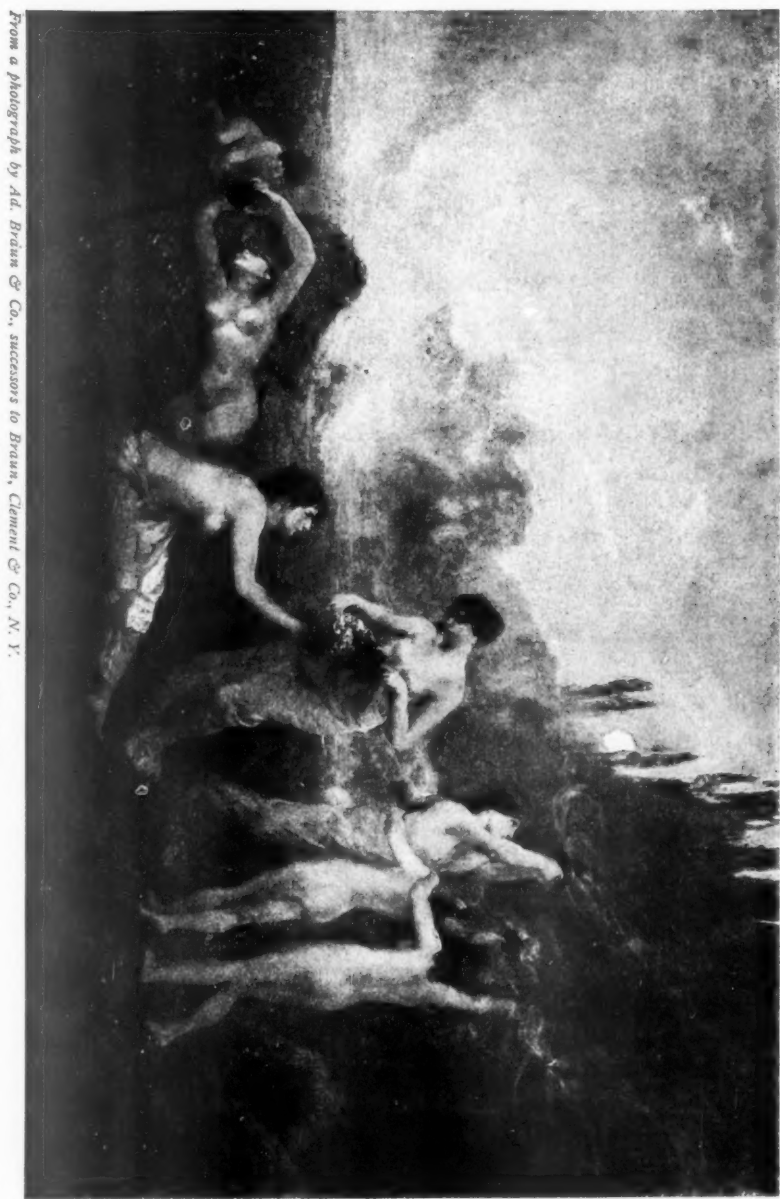


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"THE RETURN TO THE VILLAGE," BY J. DUPRE.



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"VIOLET." BY J. LEFEBVRE.

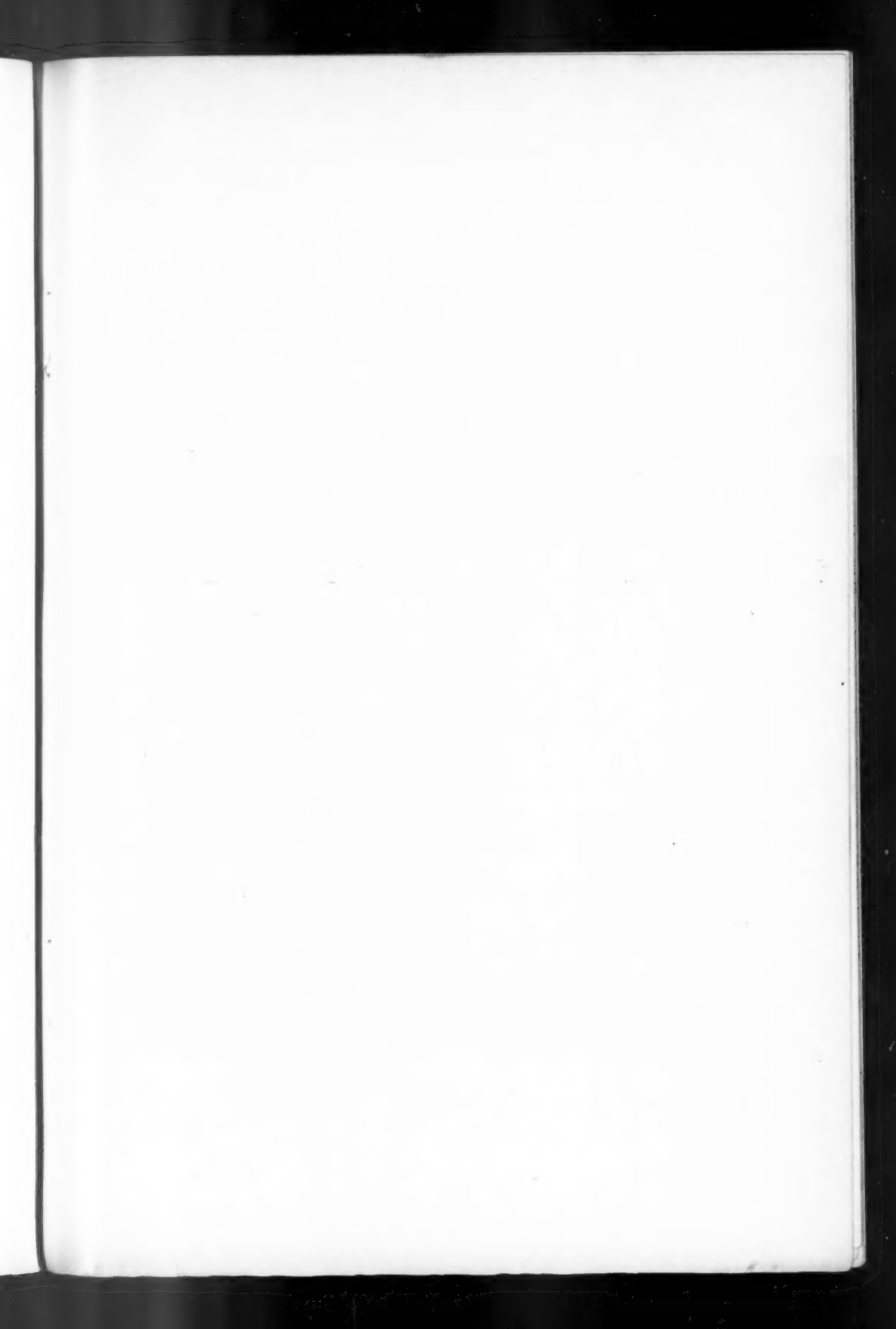


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"EVENING PERFUMES," BY H. DELACROIX.



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"THE ASSES' SKIN," BY ACHILLE FOULD.





Drawn by Alfred Parsons.

"YOU CAN SEE THE SMALL CATHEDRAL-TOWN OF WELLS."

(See page 122.)